S. F. Headley

LIBRARY EDITION.

# CAMPAIGN AGAINST QUEBEC:

BEING

AN ACCURATE AND INTERESTING ACCOUNT

OF THE

## HARDSHIPS AND SUFFERINGS

OF THAT

# BAND OF HEROES

WHO TRAVERSED THE WILDERNESS,

BY THE ROUTE OF THE KENNEBEC, AND CHAUDIERE RIVER,

TO QUEBEC, IN THE YEAR 1775.

By JOHN JOSEPH HENRY, Esq.

Late President of the Second Judicial District in Pennsylvania.

REVISED EDITION, WITH CORRECTIONS AND ALTERATIONS.

WATERTOWN, N. Y.

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## *Advertisement to the First Edition.*

## TO THE PUBLIC.

THIS work is given to the world, as left by Judge HENRY. Had he lived to superintend the printing of it himself, many alterations would, no doubt, have been made; many passages which may at present appear obscure, would have been fully explained, and many differences of style corrected. As the work purports to be written by Judge HENRY, it was thought improper to make any alterations or additions, trusting that the world, when acquainted with the circumstances under which it was published, would be disposed to pardon trivial errors. As to the truth of the principal facts, the following letter from General Michael Simpson to Judge Henry, is ample testimony:

DEAR SIR,

I have read your manuscript "of the Expedition through the Wilderness, in 1775." So far as I was concerned, in the transactions related in the work, they are truly stated. That expedition, perhaps the most arduous during the revolutionary war, is truly represented. The public may, in the general, be assured that the account is genuine.

Your humble servant,

MICHAEL SIMPSON.

To J. J. HENRY, Esq.

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## *Advertisement to the Second Edition.*

## THE PUBLISHERS

Of this "*Revised Edition, with corrections,*" deem it proper to state that the alterations or corrections extend no further than to render what was in a degree obscure, more plain. In many instances the style is also thought to be improved; yet care has been taken to follow as nearly as possible the author's phraseology, that the excitement of

the narration may be preserved. The lengthy Notes of the original edition have been mainly omitted, as they relate to subjects mostly local, and of but little import to the general reader, or that are well understood at the present day from other sources.

It is a fact no more to be regretted than true, that care enough has not been taken to preserve incidents of those days which "tried men's souls;" and it is principally to snatch from oblivion a feat of the Revolutionary times, but slightly touched upon by historians, that the present Narrative is re-published.

The actors, or their immediate successors, have little idea of the momentous interest which future generations will attach to every deed that tended to free us as a people from foreign domination, and to the establishment of a government whose theory is in a measure new, and needing every patriotic incitement to preserve unimpaired in practice.

In this particular, the example of our fathers may be more useful than the precepts of cotemporaries. The reader can form his own estimate when he shall have read the following interesting pages.

Furthermore, it is an important truth, that although now, 1844, seventy years have passed away since the "Campaign against Quebec" took place, and that the line of march was through what has been denominated the "Disputed Territory," the account given in this narrative of the face of the country, its natural productions, &c. is superior to any yet before the public. This alone contributes in no small measure to the usefulness of the work.

# LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY HIS DAUGHTER.

IT is an observation, trite, true, and universally admitted, that the lives of those who have not embraced a wide sphere of action, are uninteresting and perfectly devoid of any incitements to attention. On the contrary, the biography of warriors and statesmen is perused with avidity—not merely on account of the incidents of their own history, but of those of the times in which they lived. In descending to the humbler walks of life, when we trace the history of a good and unfortunate man through all the varied evolutions that peculiarly mark his fate, and which prevent him from being enrolled in the list of those beings who have found their path divested of thorns, it is to some, still interesting; and although the incidents may not be of a nature to excite wonder or astonishment, they may still possess the power to call forth the sympathy of minds that have been taught to feel for others' woes.

JOHN JOSEPH HENRY, the author of the following pages, was born November 4th, 1758, at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. His father was WILLIAM HENRY, Esq. a man whose memory is still revered by those who possessed any knowledge of him. His strict honesty and known probity, render it sacred to such as claimed him as their friend. He was possessed of a strong mechanical genius.*

* He was the inventor of the well-known screw auger.

Warmly attached to this his favorite pursuit, he wished to instil into the minds of his children a taste for mechanics. With some of them he succeeded. As soon as his son JOHN JOSEPH had attained the age of 14, he bound him an apprentice to an uncle, who was a gunsmith, then a resident of Lancaster, but after some time removed to Detroit, taking his nephew with him. At that place his stay was but short, on account of scarcity of business. He returned on foot with a single guide, who died in the wilderness which lay between Detroit and his home. It was here that those hardships and misfortunes first were felt, which were his future companions during a length of years devoted to God and his country. Young HENRY returned to his parents and home, dissatisfied with the employment a judicious father had pointed out for him, as the means by which he wished him to gain a future subsistence. His arduous mind panted after military glory; the troubles of his country, fomenting and producing vigorous, and ultimately successful struggles for a total emancipation from slavery, wrought strongly upon one, the acme of whose hopes and wishes was, to be one of those who contended most for freedom. In the fall of 1775 he clandestinely joined a regiment of men raised in Lancaster county, for the purpose of joining Arnold, who at that time was stationed at Boston. His father was commissary to the troops, which office obliged him to attend them to Reading. It was at this time, under circumstances which rendered him most liable to detection from his parent, he left his home to wander at the age of 16, in a strange land. Thus a thirst for glory inflamed his youthful breast, and superseded every other passion and affection of his heart. After enduring all the fatigues of a veteran soldier, the army entered Canada on his birth-day—an eventful one to him. He endured hardships there which in his own simple style, he fully enumerates. It was in prison, where he lay for nine months, that he contracted a dis-

ease, (the scurvy,) which at that time did not make its appearance—but six weeks afterwards, on his return home, at a time when least expected, it made its appearance under its most malignant form. It was at a time when it became a duty incumbent on him to continue in the army. A captaincy had been procured for him in the Virginia line, and a lieutenancy in that of Pennsylvania. He had designed to accept of the command under the hero Morgan, which was that of captain; but the disposer of all events arrested his career, and instead of his fond expectations being accomplished, all his hopes were blasted, and his high prospects rendered a dreary void, by the order of that Omnipotence who furnished him with that fortitude which enabled him, through all his misery, to kiss the rod that chastised him. It was after two years' continuance on the couch of sickness, that his leg, which was the unfortunate cause of all his illness, began to heal, and renovated health, to give hopes that peace yet remained for him.

As his lameness precluded all possibility of his again entering the army; as he had, by a disregard of parental authority, at least so far as concerned his trade, forfeited his claim to his father's exertions to place him in such a situation as would make him capable of rendering himself useful to society, a vigorous effort on his part was necessary. Resolution was not wanting. He bound himself as an apprentice to John Hubley, Esq. prothonotary of the county of Lancaster, as a clerk in the office, where for four years he pursued his business with the closest application, and discharged the duties of his office with unabated care and strictness; and when the labors of the day were over, his nights were consumed in study, endeavoring to compensate himself in some measure for the neglect that his education had suffered by his becoming a soldier. His frame, still somewhat debilitated by his illness, was not capable of sustaining the fatigues of office; his health

suffered much from labor so severe, and application so intense. The time of his indentures having expired, he commenced the study of the law under Stephen Chambers, Esq. Here he became acquainted with his future companion in life, the youngest sister of Mr. C. He practised law from the year 1785, until December, 1793. As his legal knowledge was known to be extensive, his abilities and talents met their due reward, in an appointment, by his excellency Thomas Mifflin, governor, to the office of president of the second judicial district of Pennsylvania.

A number of years had now elapsed, and his family was large. By an unfortunate removal to a country, at that period sickly, he was attacked by the gout, which, from inexperience, and owing to his having no knowledge as to the consequences that would necessarily ensue, did not take proper precautions, so as to render it a regular disease. Under that deceptive name, numerous disorders invaded his frame, and at times with so much severity, that he was compelled to continue at home, and thus prevented from executing his official duties as a judge. It was during seven long years of bodily suffering, that his mind and memory reverted to those scenes, (more forcibly than ever,) which formed so eventful a period in a life of misfortune and vicissitude. The interesting narrative of the sufferings of that band of heroes, of which he was the youngest, is a simple tale of truth, which he undeviatingly throughout his book adheres to.

He is supported in all his assertions by the testimony of a number of his companions in that arduous campaign; men of character and respectability. His relation of incidents, his descriptive accounts of the country they passed through, the situation of Quebec, and the disposition of the army, all mark him to have been a youth of accurate observation, and of a comprehensive and intelligent mind. Possessing, as he must necessarily have done, activity of spirit and contempt of

fatigue, he gained the approbation and esteem of his seniors. The buoyant spirit of youth rose high over misfortune; under the pressure of the severest distress, vivacity was still retained, and burst forth at intervals to cheer his hopeless companions.

Disease had now made rapid progress on a constitution weakened by repeated attacks, and accumulation of disorders, which no skill could counteract or remedy. The non-peformance of his duties caused petitions from the several counties to be presented to the legislature, for his removal; nothing was alleged against him but absence. That honorable house, having examined and considered the charges, acquitted him with honor. His commission he retained for the space of two years afterwards—but illness and debility increasing, and a knowledge that his infirmities were incurable, compelled him to resign that office which he had held with integrity for seventeen years. Four months afterwards, his worn out frame was destined to feel the stroke of death, and his freed soul, to seek refuge in the bosom of his Father and his God.

# CAMPAIGN AGAINST QUEBEC.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

THERE is an event in the history of the American Revolution hitherto little noticed; as yet imperfectly described, and now at this late day almost forgotten; which would deserve and require the talents and genius of a Xenophon, to do real justice. As your father in early life had a concern in that adventure, permit him to relate to you in the words of truth, a compendious detail of the sufferings of a small band of heroes, unused, to be sure, to military tactics and due subordination, but whose souls were fired by an enthusiastic love of country, and with a spirit such as often inspired our ancestors, when determined to be free. In giving you this relation, knowing him as you do, you will scarcely call in question his veracity; particularly when he assures you upon the honor of a gentleman and an honest man, that every word here related, to the best of his recollection and belief, is literally true. He could not be so unjust to your morals, your veracity, or integrity, as to state anything to you which he knew, or even suspected to be untrue. He has himself been too much the victim of calumny, not to endeavor to eradicate so vile a principle from your minds. His own education, gained in waywardness, in avoidance of the bounteous and liberal designs of his good father, was an incorrect one, yet the piety and real religious for-

vor of his parents, never would tolerate a lie. This mental vice, to them, was the greatest of all abominations, as it is with your father: it is also his most fervent hope and prayer, that every one of you will not only contemn untruth, but hold in sovereign detestation the utterer of falsehood.

Persons at your age, and at this advanced stage of the improvement and amelioration of our soil, in a climate so far south as ours, of Pennsylvania, can scarcely form a correct conception, but from actual observation, of the sterility, the dreariness and the destitution of every comfort of life, which a wilderness in a high northern latitude exhibits. A confidence however in your good sense, encourages, and in fact animates him, to put that upon paper, which has a thousand times, in detached parcels, been the subject of amusing prattle around the fireside.

In the autumn of 1775, our adorable WASHINGTON thought it prudent to make a descent upon Canada. A detachment from the American grand army, then in the vicinity of Boston, was organized, to fulfil this intention, by the route of the Kennebec, and Chaudiere river. It was intended as a co-operation with the army of General Montgomery, which had entered the same province, by the way of Champlain and Montreal. Colonel Benedict Arnold was appointed the commander-in-chief of the whole division. The detachment consisted of eleven hundred men. Enos was second in command. Of this I knew nothing, except from report. Riflemen composed a part of the armament. These companies, from sixty-five to seventy-five strong, were from the southward; that is, Captain Daniel Morgan's company from Virginia; that of Captain William Hendricks, from Cumberland county in Pennsylvania; and Captain Matthew Smith's company from the

county of Lancaster, in the latter province. The residue, and bulk of this corps, consisted of troops from Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. It has flown from my memory whether we had any from New-Hampshire; but there is an impression on my mind that we had; as General Dearborn, who was of the latter province, commanded a company in the expedition. All these men were of as rude and hardy a race as ourselves, and as unused to the discipline of a camp, and as fearless as we were. It fell to me to know many of them afterwards intimately; speaking generally, without any allusion to particulars, they were an excellent body of men, formed by nature as the stamina of an army, fitted for the tough and tight defence of the *liberties* of their country. The principal distinction between us, was in our dialects, our arms, and our dress. Each man of the three companies bore a rifle-barreled gun, a tomahawk, or small axe, and a long knife, usually called a 'scalping knife,' which served for all purposes, in the woods. His under-dress, by no means in a military style, was covered by a deep ash-colored hunting-shirt, leggins, and moccasins, if the latter could be procured. It was the silly fashion of those times for riflemen to ape the manners of savages.

Our commander, Arnold, was of a remarkable character. He was brave, even to temerity, was beloved by the soldiery, perhaps for that quality only; he possessed great powers of persuasion, and was complaisant, but withal sordidly avaricious. Arnold was a short, handsome man, of a florid complexion, stoutly made, and forty years old at least.

On the other hand Morgan was a large, strong bodied personage, whose appearance gave the idea history has left us of Belisarius. His manners were of the severest cast; but where he became attached

he was kind and truly affectionate. This is said from experience of the most sensitive and pleasing nature. Activity, spirit, and courage in a soldier, procured his good will and esteem.

Hendricks was tall, of a mild and beautiful countenance. His soul was animated by a genuine spark of heroism. Smith was a good looking man, had the air of a soldier, was illiterate, and outrageously talkative. The officers of the eastern troops were many of them men of sterling worth. Col. Christopher Green seemed too far advanced in life for such hard service, yet he was inspired by an ardor becoming a youth. He afterwards did the public good service at Redbank on the Delaware, in the autumn of 1777. Majors Meigs, Febiger and Bigelow, were excellent characters. As we acted in the advance, the latter gentlemen were not well known to us until sometime afterwards. Your father was too young to enjoy any other honor than that of exposing himself in the character of a cadet, to every danger.

This little army, in high spirits, marched from Prospect hill, near Cambridge in Massachusetts, on the 11th of September, 1775, and arrived at Newburyport, (which is formed by the waters of the Merrimac river,) on the following day. This place at that time was a small, but commercial town, near the eastern border of Massachusetts. Here we remained encamped five days, providing ourselves with such articles of real necessity as our small means afforded. On the afternoon of the sixth day we embarked on board of ten transports; sailed in the evening, and at dawn of day descried the mouth of the Kennebec river. The wind was strong but fair. The distance of this run was 150 miles. We ascended the river to Colonel Coburn's ship-yard; here we left our vessels and obtained batteaux, with which we

proceeded to Fort Western. At this place, on the day of our arrival, an arrangement was made by the commander-in-chief, which in all probability sealed the destiny of your parent. It was concluded to despatch an officer and seven men in advance, for the purpose of ascertaining and marking the paths that were used by the Indians at the numerous carrying places in the wilderness, towards the heads of the river; and also to ascertain the course of the river Chaudiere, which runs from the height of land, towards Quebec.

To give some degree of certainty of success to so hazardous an enterprise, Arnold found it necessary to select an officer of activity and courage; the choice fell upon Archibald Steele of Smith's company, a man of an active, courageous, sprightly and hardy disposition, who was complimented with the privilege of naming his companions. These consisted of Jesse Wheeler, George Merchant, and James Clifton, of Morgan's; and Robert Cunningham, Thomas Boyd, John Tidd, and John M'Konkey, of Smith's company. Though a very youth, yet in a small degree accustomed to hardships, derived from long marches in the American woods, Steele's course of selection next fell upon your father, who was his messmate and friend. Two birch-bark canoes were provided; and two guides, celebrated for the management of such water craft, who knew the river as high up as the great carrying-place, were also found. These were Jeremiah Getchel, a very respectable man, and John Horne, an Irishman who had grown grey in this cold climate.

This small party, unconscious of danger, and animated by a hope of applause from their country, set forward from Fort Western in their light barks, at the rate of from fifteen to twenty, and in good wa-

Brother of Capt. John Boyd —
Grand father of —
J. Boyd Headley

ter, twenty-five miles per day. These canoes are so light that a person of common strength may carry one of the smaller kind, such as ours were, many hundred yards without halting. Yet they will bear a great burthen, and swim nearly gunwale deep; an admirable description of them is given by Hearne, in his journey to the Coppermine river. Steele's canoe bore five men with their arms and baggage, which last was indeed light in quality and quantity: one barrel of pork, one bag of meal, and 200 weight of biscuit. The other canoe carried seven men, their arms and baggage, and a due proportion of provisions.

On the evening of the 23d of September, our party arrived at Fort Halifax, situated on the point, formed by a junction of the Sabasticoog and the Kenebec river. Here our commander, Steele, was accosted by a Captain Harrison, or Huddlestone, inviting him and the company to his house. The invitation was gladly accepted, as the accommodation at the Fort, which consisted of old block houses and a stoccade in a ruinous state, did not admit of much comfort; besides, it was inhabited, as our friend the Captain said, by a rank *tory*. Here, for the first time, the application of the American term "tory" was defined to me by the Captain. Its European definition was well understood before. Another interesting conversation, on the part of the captain, struck my mind as a great curiosity in natural history, and well deserving commemoration; he observed that he had emigrated to the place he then resided at, about thirty years before, most probably with his parents, for he did not then appear to be much beyond forty. That at that period the common deer which now inhabit our more southern climate, were the only animals of the deer kind, which they knew, unless it was the elk; and

these but partially. In a short space of time the moose deer appeared in small numbers, but increased annually afterwards, and as the one species became more numerous, the other diminished: so that the kind of deer first spoken of, at the time of this information, according to the captain, was totally driven from that quarter. The moose deer reigned the master of the forest. This anecdote, if true, might in such minds as those of Buffon, or De Paw, give rise to theories in natural history, totally inconsistent with the laws of nature. Still there may be something in it; brute animals, like human beings, whether forced by necessity or from choice, do emigrate. Many instances might be given of this circumstance of the animal economy, in various parts of the world. The above relation is the only instance which has come to my knowledge, where one species has expelled another of the same genus. If the fact be true, it is either effected by a species of warfare, or some peculiarity in the appearance of the one kind, and of horror or perhaps of disgust in the other. We know that the rock-goat, (*steinbock*, of the Germans, and *boquetin*, of the French,) formerly inhabited the low hills of southern France and of the Pyrenees; they have been driven thence by some peculiar cause, for they are now confined to the tops of the highest mountains in Europe. It is true, it has been frequently advanced by men of respectability and information in Pennsylvania, that the grey fox, which is indigenous in the United States, and all North America, has been driven from the Atlantic sea coast into the interior, by the introduction of the red fox from Europe. But we have no sufficient data to warrant this assertion. The truth probably is, that as the grey fox is a dull and slow animal, compared with the sprightliness, rapidity, and cunning of

the red fox, that the first has been thinned by the huntsman, and gradually receded from the sea-coast to the forest, where, from his habits, he is more secure. The cunning and prowess of the latter has enabled him to maintain his station among the farms, in despite of the swiftness and powerful scent of the dogs. But that which puts this assertion out of view, is that the red fox is indigenous throughout North America. He and the grey fox are found in the highest latitudes, but there their skins are changed into more beautiful furs than those of ours, by the effects of climate. Another notion has been started within these twenty years past, that the fox squirrel is expelling the large grey squirrel: but it is fallacious.

Be these things as they may, we spent an agreeable and most sociable evening with this respectable man and his amiable family. On the following day our party rose early, and accompanied by our host, waited upon the tory, who then shewed himself to be an honest man, of independent principles, and who claimed the right of thinking for himself. He exchanged a barrel of smoke-dried salmon for a barrel of pork, upon honest terms. We set out from this place, well pleased with our host, the old tory, and our bargain. In a very few days, without other accident than the spraining of Lieutenant Steele's ancle, by his slipping when carrying a canoe over the path, at one of the intermediate portages, we arrived safely at Norridgewoc falls. Coming to the landing place, the water being smooth and very deep, a rock, as we passed it, drew my attention very particularly; it was standing in a conical form, five feet in perpendicular height, and ten or twelve feet in diameter at the base. I observed that next the water, the face of the rock, which was a bluish flint, was, as it were, scalloped out, down to the water's edge. Asking

Getchel how this had occurred, his reply was that the Indians in former times had from thence obtained their spear and arrow points. It seems unreasonable that without a knowledge of iron, they should have been capable of executing such a labor. However, upon observation and reflection since Getchel's time, an inducement from experience and reasoning occurs, which influences me to believe that he might have been correct in his observation. The rock, no doubt, still remains, and there is leisure for others to pursue the inquiry and discussion. We were hurried. The village within one hundred yards of the pitch of the fall was evidently a deserted Indian town. We saw no one there: it was without the vestige of inhabitants. Dressing our victuals here at mid-day, an occurrence happened which disgusted me in an extreme degree. On this day, an estimate of our food was made, and an allotment in quantity to each man, though no actual separation of shares took place, as that, it was agreed, should happen at the twelve-mile carrying place. By the estimate now made, it seemed that there was something of a surplus. As we had had hard work on that and some preceding days, and harder fare, our good commander was inclined to indulge us. The surplus was allotted for this day's fare. It happened that M'Konkey was, by routine, the cook. He boiled the meat, (vegetable food of any kind was not attainable,) and when sauntering towards the fall, he called us to dinner. We came eagerly. He was seated on the earth, near the wooden bowl. The company reclined around in a like posture, intending to partake; when M'Konkey, raising his vile and dirty hands, struck the meat, exclaimed, with an oath, "that this was our last comfortable meal." The indelicacy of the act, and the grossness of expression, deprived the compa-

ny of appetite. On several subsequent occasions M'Konkey showed himself as mean in spirit as he was devoid of decency. We soon rid ourselves of him. Many years afterwards at Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, he applied for and received a loan by way of charity from me, which he meanly solicited with the most abject sycophancy. So true it is, in general, that those who disregard the social decencies of life, are equally incapable of those virtues which make man respectable in society.

On the afternoon of this day we crossed to the west side of the river below the fall: searched for, and with difficulty found the carrying place. Having marked it with precision, we rested awhile. On the west side of the river, not very distant from us, there was a considerable extent of natural meadow. One of our party, exploring the country for deer, met with two white men who had come from a distance, mowing the wild grass of the meadow. An agreeable barter ensued—we gave salted pork, and they returned two fresh beaver tails, which, when boiled, renewed ideas imbibed with the May butter of our own country. Taste, however, is arbitrary, and often the child of necessity. Two years before this, acorns had supplied me with a precarious sustenance, on a journey from Sandusky to Pittsburg. They momentarily sustained life and bodily labor, but the consequence was ill health. Your respectable kinsman, General Gibson, received me into his house at Logstown on the Ohio, and restored me sound to my parents. These minute matters are noted here, from an expectation, that knowing the privations men may suffer in respect to food, you will each of you remember to receive the dispensations of Providence, of every kind, if not with thankfulness, at least with submission.

We passed the portage of Norridgewoc falls.—Thence for several days the navigation for such canoes as ours was tolerable, and in the most part, convenient. We ascended the river rapidly, marking every carrying-place. Having now seceded many miles from the last white inhabitants at Norridgewoc, it became necessary to proceed with caution. A circumspection was adopted, which, though prudent in the predicament we were in, appeared rather harsh to the feelings; the firing of a gun was inhibited; though the weather was chilling, we dared scarcely make a smoke at night. Angling for trout and chub in the morning and evening made up our stock of fresh food. We frequently saw ducks, &c. and many moose deer, yet we discharged not a gun; in truth we had been made to believe that this country had numerous Indians in it.

The party reached without molestation, except from natural rock and a swift current, the twelve mile carrying-place, on the 27th of September. Here a new scene opened. Our guides professed that neither of them had ever been north of this place across the carrying-place; but Getchel alleged that he had hunted to the east of the river.

Now we assumed the responsibility of being our own guides, giving to Getchel due respect and attention for his information relative to the route north. He informed me that the course of the river which is injudiciously called the "Dead River," tended 60 or 100 miles northerly, taking a short turn southwardly, and was then within twelve miles of us. That this part was full of rapids, and impassable for boats, or even canoes. We searched for the carrying-place, and found a path tolerably distinct, which we made more so by marking the trees and snagging the bushes with our tomahawks. Proceeding until evening,

the party encamped on the margin of a small lake, perhaps half a mile wide, where there were plenty of trout, which old Clifton, who was good at angling, caught in abundance. Here, in a conference on the subject, it was resolved that two persons of the party should remain, (with about one half of the provisions,) until the return of our main body, calculating the return would be in eight or ten days. It had been observed that Clifton, being the oldest of the company, yet brave and a good shot, from the fatigues we had endured had begun to flag. With the assent of our chief the younger part of us proposed to him to remain where we then were with the better part of the provisions. After considerable altercation he assented, on condition of his having a companion. The youngest of the party nominated M'Konkey, who could not restrain his joy at the proposal. It was advised for them to retire to the south end of the pond, perhaps a mile, and there, as in a perfect recess, remain concealed. Knowing M'Konkey, the consequences were foreseen. After the accomplishment of this affair Lieutenant Steele parted the provision appropriated for the marchers, not by pounds or ounces, my dear children, but by "whose shall be this." Some of you have been taught how this is done: if you have forgotten, it will be well now to tell you of it. The principal of the party, if he is a gentleman and man of honor, divides the whole portion equally into as many parts as there are men, including himself; this is done under the eyes of all concerned, and with their approbation; the officer then directs some one of the company to turn his back upon him, and laying his hand on a particular portion, asks "whose shall be this?" The answer is hap-hazard, A. B. &c. or any other of the party. It has frequently occurred that we were compelled to

divide the necessaries of life in this way, and it could not be fairly said that any fraud or circumvention took place.

September 28th, we left Clifton and his companion in a most dreary wild, but with enough to support them: and if they would act honorably, to assist us. A laughable occurrence ensued. Sergeant Boyd and myself had, that day, the charge of unloading and loading the canoes, which, as customary, being very light and easily blown off shore by a puff of wind, were drawn half their lengths on the beach; we ran a race to see who should perform his duty soonest—he arrived first. Taking up his canoe suddenly, but hoping to have a better stand than the shore presented, he set his foot on a large bed of moss seemingly firm, and sunk ten feet into as cold water, while fluid, as was ever touched. We soon passed the pond, found the path, marked it, and came, at the end of several miles, to a second pond, if my recollection serves, larger than the former: traversing this, we encamped more cautiously than ever. On the next day, pursuing the path, and marking it, a third pond of small diameter was presented to our view. Passing this, by the evening we encamped on the north bank of the Dead River.

This river, which is nothing more than an extension of the Kennebec, is called by this remarkable name, because a current, a few miles below the place we were now at, and for many miles above it, is imperceptible. It is deep, and perhaps 250 yards wide. The ground we footed within the last three days, is a very rugged isthmus, which forms the great bend of the Kennebec. Coming from the high ground towards the Dead River, we passed a bog, which appeared, before we entered it, as a beautiful plat of firm ground, level as a bowling green, and covered

by an elegant green moss. That day, to save my shoes for severer service, mockasins had been put in their place. Every step we made sunk us knee-deep in a bed of wet turf. My feet were pained and lacerated by the snags of the dead pines, a foot and more below the surface of the moss; these, and many other occurrences, which happened afterwards, convinced me more than reading could, of the manner of the formation of turf. Sometimes, to lighten the canoe when ascending swift water, several of us would disembark and proceed along shore, and on many occasions, traverse a point of land to save distance. Doing this, we often met with what we thought a flat ground covered with moss. Entering the parterre, as it might be called, and running along that which we found to be a log covered with moss, the moisture on the log would cause a foot to slip—down we would come, waist deep in a bed of wet moss; such incidents always created a laugh. A spark, if these beds of moss had been dry, as they were wet, would have made a dreadful conflagration: the upper country seemed throughout as if covered with it. To the south and west of the bog first mentioned, there was a natural meadow of great extent. On the west it reached, seemingly, to the foot of the mountains several miles off. A beautiful creek serpentined through it, and formed a convenient harbor and landing place, opposite to our camp, and directly to which the Indian path led us.

The timber trees of this country are in a great measure different from those of our own. Here are neither oaks, hickories, poplars, maples or locusts; but there is a great variety of other kinds of excellent timber, such as the white and yellow pines, hemlock, cedar, cypress, and all the species of firs. These trees, in the low grounds, grow to a very large size.

On the hills, as we approached northwardly, they seem to dwindle, particularly as we come to the "height of land;" but again rise to a superb height as we descend into the intervale, on the streams running into Canada. Among the trees of this country there are two which deserve particular notice, because of their remarkable qualities. These are the balsam fir. (Canada Balsam—Balm of Gilead fir, or *balsamum Canadense pinus balsomea:* which produces the purest turpentine,) and the Yellow Birch. The first, as its vulgar name imports, yields a balsamic liquid, which has been, and perhaps is now, much esteemed by the medical profession. The bark is smooth, except that there are a vast number of white and lucid protuberances upon it, of the size of a finger or thumb nail, bulging from the surface of the bark. This tree grows to the size of from 15 to 20 inches in diameter. From the essays made, it seemed to me that a phial containing a gill might be filled in the space of an hour. Getchel, our guide, taught me its use. In the morning when we rose, placing the edge of a broad knife at the under side of the blister, and my lips at the opposite part, on the back of the knife, which was declined, the liquor flowed into my mouth freely. It was heating and cordial to the stomach, attended by an agreeable pungency. This practice, which we adopted, in all likelihood contributed to the preservation of health—for though much wet weather ensued, and we lay often on low and damp ground, and had very many successions of cold atmosphere, it does not now occur to me that any of us were assailed by sickness during this arduous excursion. The yellow birch is useful in many particular instances to the natives. They form the body of the tree into setting-poles, paddles, spoons and ladles. The bark, its better pro-

perty, serves as a covering for the frame of the canoe, much in the same manner as the Esquimaux and Greenlanders apply the seal skin. To you it may appear to be a strange assertion, but to me it seems true, that the birch-bark canoe is the most ingenious piece of mechanism, man in a rude state is capable of constructing. From the bark of yellow birch, the Indian also forms bowls and baskets of a most beautiful construction, and it even serves as a wrapper for any nice matter which it is wished to keep securely, much in the manner we use brown wrapping paper. The appearance of the yellow birch tree at a distance, is conspicuous. Approaching near it, in the autumn, it seems involved in rolls, something resembling large circular rounds of parchment, or yellow paper. There is in my mind no question, but that among a numerous and industrious people, such as the Chinese, this indigenous product would become an article of general use in various ways. The bark, when taken from the tree, may be obtained lengthwise of the tree, from one to four feet, and of a length equal to the circumference. It is sometimes white, with a yellow cast, but more usually of a pale, and sometimes of a deep gold colour. It is divisible, when ever so thick, into the most filmy sheets. The Indians, for canoes, use it of the thickness of from a fourth, down to the eighth of an inch, according to the size of the vessel. Curiosity and convenience made us reduce it often to a film, by no means thicker or more substantial than the silky paper we obtain from India. It serves equally well for the pencil as paper. Ink, however, flows upon it. In the course of time a medium may be discovered to preclude this inconvenience; this bark will preserve better than paper.

The company, not apprehending the reverses that

fortune had in store for them, left the encampment, (September 30th,) full of courage and hope, though a strong drift of snow, which whitened all the surrounding hills, had fallen during the night. Having smooth water, we paddled away merrily, probably for thirty miles. Getchel, besides his sheer wisdom, possessed a large fund of knowledge concerning the country, which he had derived from the aborigines, and much humorous anecdote, with which, in spite of our privations, he made us laugh. It was omitted to be mentioned, that before we left our last encampment, it became a resolution of the whole party, that the pork in the possession of each one, should be eaten raw, and to be ate but in the morning and evening. As we could not obtain food in this miserable portion of the globe, even for money, if we had had it, and having nothing else than our arms and our courage to depend on: unacquainted with the true distance of our expedition, for we had neither map nor chart, yet resolved to accomplish our orders at the hazard of our lives—we prudently began to hoard our provision. Half a biscuit and half an inch square of raw pork, became this evening's meal. The day's journey brought us to the foot of a rapid, which convinced us that the term "Dead River" was much misapplied. The night was spent, not upon feathers, but the branches of the fir or the spruce. It would astonish you, my dear children, if there was leisure to explain to you the many comforts and advantages those trees afford to the way-worn traveller. Suffice it now to say, we rested well.

October 1st. The morning brought on new labors. Our secondary guide and myself, thinking that we could manage the water, slipped into our canoe. Getchel and another worked Steele's, while our companions, crossing the hill, marked the carrying-place.

From our camp, two-thirds at least of these rapids, were concealed from our view. In much danger, and by great exertion, we surmounted them in less than an hour. Taking in our company, we had good water till the evening, when we were impeded by a precipitate fall of four feet. We encamped. October 2d. Carrying here, we had good water all the next day; mere fatigue and great lassitude of body most likely caused us to sleep well. From cautionary motives our guns, though not uncared for, were considered as useless, in the way of obtaining food. Several of our company angled successfully for trout, and a delicious chub, which we call a fall-fish. This place became remarkable to me, as sometime afterwards, my friends General Simpson, Robert Dixon, with myself, were here at the point of death. This you will find in the sequel. Carrying a few perches around this precipice, we got into good water, and then performed a severe day's labor.

October 3d. The evening brought us to our encampment, on the south side of the river. Angling was resorted to for food. Sergeant Boyd, observing low ground on the other side of the river, and an uncommon coldness in the water, passed over, and in an hour returned with a dozen trout, of extraordinary appearance, long, broad, and thick. The skin was of a very dark hue, beautifully sprinkled with deep crimson spots. Boyd had caught these in a large and deep spring-head. Contrasting them with those we caught in the river, they were evidently of a different species. The river trout were of a pale ground, with pink spots, and not so flat or broad. The next day, proceeding onward, we here and there met with rough water. In the evening we were told, that on the next day we probably should arrive at the camp of Natanis, an Indian, whom our commander was

instructed to capture or kill. Natanis was well known to the white inhabitants of the lower country; they knew him from the geographical position of his resi-

NATANIS, IN SEMI-BARBARIAN COSTUME.

dence. The uninstructed Indian, if he possesses good sense, necessarily from his wanderings as a hunter, becomes a geographer. This good man, (as we

subsequently knew him to be,) had been wrongfully accused to Arnold, as a spy, stationed on this river to give notice to the British government, of any party passing this way into Canada: hence that cruel order.

Oct. 4th. We landed some miles below where we supposed his house was. Our canoes were brought upon the shore and committed to the care of two of the party. We arrived at the house of Natanis, after a march, probably of three miles, over a flat country covered with pines, &c. Approaching on all sides with the utmost circumspection, we ran quickly to the cabin, our rifles prepared, and in full belief that we had caught Natanis. Some were persuaded, at the distance of 200 yards from the place, that they saw the smoke of his fire. But the bird was flown. He was wiser and more adroit than his assailants, as you will afterwards learn. The house was prettily placed on a bank twenty feet high, about 20 yards from the river, and a grass plat extended around, at more than shooting distance for a rifle, free from timber and underwood. The house, for an Indian cabin, was clean and tight, with two doors, one fronting the river, the other on the opposite side. We found many articles of Indian fabrication, evidently such as would not be totally abandoned by the owner—besides, it was remarked that the coals on the hearth, from their appearance, had been burning at least within a week past. These notions did not allay our apprehensions of meeting with Indian enemies. The canoes, in the meantime having been brought up, we embarked and proceeded with alacrity. This afternoon, in a course of some miles, we came to a stream flowing from the west, or rather the northwest. As we were going along in uncertainty, partly inclined to take the westerly stream, one of the

party fortunately saw a strong stake which had been driven down at the edge of the water, with a piece of neatly folded birch bark, inserted into a split at the top. The bark, as it was placed, pointed up the westerly stream, which, at its mouth, seemed to contain more water than our true course. Our surprize and attention was much heightened, when opening the bark, we perceived a very perfect delineation of the streams above us, with several marks which must have denoted the hunting camps, or real abodes of the map-maker. There were some lines, in a direction from the head of one branch to that of another, which we took to be the course of the paths that the Indians intended to take that season. This map we attributed to Natanis, or to his brother, Sabatis, who, as we afterwards knew, lived about seven miles up this westerly stream. For when our party, after returning to the twelve mile carrying-place, had again re-ascended the river, we were told, by the crew of one of Morgan's boats, that they had mistaken the westerly stream as the due route, and had found deserted cabins at the distance already mentioned, and the property of the late inhabitants, placed in a kind of close cage, made of birch bark in the forks of the trees; these they most iniquitously plundered. Venison, corn, kettles, &c. were the product. Inspecting the map thus acquired, we pursued our journey fearlessly. Now the river became narrower and shallower. The strength of each of us was exerted at poling or paddling the canoes. Some rapid water interfered, but in a few days we came to the first pond at the head of the Dead River. October 7th. This first pond, in the course of the traverse we made might be about a mile, or a little more, in diameter. Here, on a small island, scarcely containing a fourth of an acre, we discovered and ate a delicious species

of cranberry, entirely new to us. It grew upon bushes from ten to twelve feet high, the stock of the thickness of the thumb, and the fruit was as large as a May-duke cherry. In the course of one or two miles, we reached a second pond. Between this pond and the third, we carried; the communication, though not long, was too shallow for our canoes. The carrying-place was excessively rugged, and in high water, formed a part of the bed of the stream. The country around us had now become very mountainous and rough. Several of these mountains seemed to stand on insulated bases, and one in particular, formed a most beautiful cone, of an immense height. We rested for the evening.

October 8th. We arrived near the height of land which divides the waters of New-England from those of Canada, which run into the St. Lawrence. The weather, in consequence of the approaching winter, had become piercingly cold. My wardrobe was scanty and light. It consisted of a roundabout jacket, of woollen, a pair of half-worn buckskin breeches, two pairs of woollen stockings, (bought at Newburyport,) a hat with a feather, a hunting-shirt, leggins, a pair of mockasins, and a pair of tolerably good shoes, which had been closely hoarded.

We set out early, yet jovially. We entered a lake surrounded by high and craggy mountains, and perpendicular rocks of very considerable altitude, which about 11 o'clock, A. M. cast us into a dusky shade. Pulling the paddle, as for life, to keep myself warm, some trifling observation, which fell from me, relative to the place we were in, such as its resemblance to the vale of death, drew the attention of the company. Getchel, in his dry way, turning toward me, said, "Johnny, you look like a blue leather whet-stone." The simplicity and oddity of the expression, and the

gravity of his manner, caused great merriment at my expense: it was enjoyed on my part, certain that it was not an expression of disesteem, but affection, for the man liked me. These minim tales and jejune occurrences are related to convey to your minds an idea how men of true spirit will beard death in every shape, even, at times, with laughter, to effectuate a point of duty which is considered essential to the welfare of their country. Thus we went on, incessantly laboring without sustenance, until we came, about 3 o'clock, to the extreme end of a fifth and the last lake. This day's voyage might amount to fifteen or twenty miles.

On this lake we obtained a full view of those hills which were then, and are now, called the "Height of Land." It made an impression upon us that was really more chilling than the air which surrounded us. We hurried ashore—drew out our canoes, and covered them with leaves and brush-wood. This done, with our arms in our hands, and our provisions in our pockets, we made a race across the mountain, by an Indian path, easily ascertainable, until we arrived on the bank of the Chaudiere river. The distance is about five miles, counting the rising and descent of the hill as two. This was the acme of our desires. To discover and know the course of this river was the extent of our orders: beyond it we had nothing to do. Our chief, wishing to do every thing a good officer could to forward the service, asked if any one could climb a tree, around the foot of which we then stood. It was a pine of considerable height, without branches for forty feet. Robert Cunningham, a strong, athletic man, about twenty-five years old, presented himself. In almost the twinkling of an eye, he climbed the tree. He fully discerned the meandering course of the river, as upon a map, and

even descried the lake Chaudiere, at a distance of fourteen or fifteen miles. The country around and between us and the lake, was flat. Looking westward, he observed a smoke; intimating this to us, from the tree where he sat, we plainly perceived it. Cunningham came down; the sun was setting apparently in a clear sky.

Now our return commenced. It so occurred that I was in the rear, next to Getchel, who brought it up. We ran in single file, and while it was light, it was observed by me, as we tried to stride into the footsteps of the leader, that he covered the track with his feet; this was no mean duty. It required the courage, the vigor, and the wisdom which designates genuine manhood. Our object was to be concealed from a knowledge of any one who might communicate our presence there, to the Canadian government. The race was urged, and became more rapid by the indications of a storm of rain: we had scarcely reached more than half way up the hill, when the shower came down in most tremendous torrents. The night became dark as pitch; we groped the way across the ridge, and in descending, relying on the accuracy of our leader, we continued with speed. The precipice was very steep; a root, a twig, perhaps, caught the buckle of my shoe; I tripped, and came down head foremost, unconscious how far, but perhaps twenty or thirty feet. How my gun remained unbroken, it is impossible to say. When I recovered, it was in my hands. My companions had out-stripped me. Stunned by the fall, feeling for the path with my feet, my arrival at the canoe-place was delayed till ten at night, an hour and more later than my friends. An erection called a tent, but more correctly a wigwam, was made in the hurry with forks and cross-poles, covered with the branches of fir. It rained inces-

santly all that night. If the clothes we wore had been dry, they would have become wet; so we laid down in all those we had on. Sleep came to my eyes, notwithstanding the peltings of the pitiless storm through the humble roof.

October 9th. We arose before day. The canoes were urged suddenly into the water, it still raining hard, and at day light we thought of breakfasting. Gracious God! what was our fare? What could we produce for such a feast? Rummaging my pantaloons pockets, I found a solitary biscuit and an inch of pork. Half of the biscuit was devoted to the breakfast, and so also by each person; and that was consumed in the canoes as we paddled over the lake. The rain had raised the lake, and consequently the outlets, about four feet. We slid glibly along, over passages where a few days previous, we had carried our canoes. At the outlet of the fourth lake, counting as we came up, a small duck appeared within shooting distance. It was a diver, well known in our country—a thing which we here contemn. Knowing the value of animal food, in our predicament, several of us fired at the diver: Jesse Wheeler, however, (whom all acknowledged an excellent shot,) struck it with his ball. A shout of joy arose—the little diver was safely deposited in our canoe. We went on quickly, without accident, till the evening, probably traversing a space of more than forty miles. At night-fall we halted, weary and without tasting food since morning. Boyd and Cunningham, who were right-hand-men on most occasions, soon kindled a fire against a fallen tree. An occurrence this evening took place, which my dear children you will hardly credit, but which, (permit me to assure you,) is sacredly true. The company sat themselves gloomily around the fire; the cooks, according to routine,

(whether our chief or others,) picked the duck, and when picked and dressed, it was brought to the fireside. Here it became a question, how to make the most of our stock of provisions. Finally it was concluded to boil the duck in our camp-kettle, together with each man's bit of pork, distinctly marked by running a small skewer of wood through it, with his particular and private designation. That the broth thus formed, should be the supper, and the duck on the ensuing morning should be the breakfast, and which should be distributed by "whose shall be this.' Strange as this tale may appear to you, in these times, the agreement was religiously performed. Being young, my appetite was ravenous as that of a wolf, but honor bound the stomach tight.

We rose early, and each person selected his bit of pork, which made but a single mouthful—there was no controversy. The diver was parted most fairly, into ten shares, each one eyeing the integrity of the division. Lieutenant Steele causing the "turning of the back," the lottery gave me a victory over my respectable friend Cunningham. His share was the head and the feet, mine one of the thighs. Hungry and miserable as we were, even this was sport to us. In fact, we were sustained by a flattering hope that we should soon meet our friends, "the army."

Setting out early on the 10th of October, by the evening we made nearly fifty miles. The bit of pork and the rest of the biscuit became my supper. My colleagues were similarly situated. The morning sun saw us without any food. We did not despond. The consolatory idea that on that, or the next day, we should certainly join the army, infused energy into our minds and bodies. Yet being without food, though we loved each other, every endearment which binds man to man was, as it were, forgotten, in a pro-

found silence. After a long day's journey, still we were supperless.

The succeeding morning, (11th,) starting early, we ran at a monstrous rate. The waters, by additional rains above, had risen greatly. By ten or eleven o'clock, A. M. we observed a great smoke before us, which from its extent, we could ascribe to nothing else than the encampment of the army, our friends and fellow-soldiers. After some time, the light canoe, several hundred yards before us, (with Steele and Getchel in it,) passed between the forks of a tree, which lay rooted in the middle of the stream, where most likely it had lain for many years. All its branches had been worn away by the annual friction of the ice or waters, except those which formed the fork, and they stood directly against the current, nearly a foot out of water, and ten or more feet apart. Seeing our friends pass through safely, and being unconscious that we were worse or less adventurous watermen than they were, we risked it. We ran with great velocity. My good Irishman steered. By an unlucky stroke of some one of our paddles, (for each of us had one,) but from his situation and power over the vessel it was fairly attributable to the steersman, the canoe was thrown a little out of its true course, just as it was entering the prongs of the fork. Trifling as this may appear to you, to us it was the signal of death. One of the prongs took the right hand side of the canoe, within six inches of the bow, immediately below the gunwale. Quick as lightning that side of the canoe was laid open from stem to stern, and water was gushing in upon us that would inevitably have sunk us in a second of time, but for that interference of Providence which is atheistically called presence of mind. Otherwise a host of men could not have saved us from a watery grave.

Instinctively leaning to the left, we sunk the gunwale of that side down to the water's edge, by which we raised the broken side an inch and more out of it. Calling loudly to our companions ahead, they soon saw our distress, and put in at the great smoke. Carefully and steadily sitting, and gently paddling, many hundred yards, we landed safely. Here was no army, no friends, no food—only a friendly fire, kindled by ourselves as we ascended the river; it had been our camp. The fire we had made had scarcely more than smoked, but now it had crept into the turfy soil, and among the roots of trees, and was spread over half an acre. Our situation was truly horrible. When we had examined the broken canoe, and had rummaged both, for the means of repairing it, every heart seemed dismayed. Our birch bark and pitch had been exhausted in former repairs —we were without food—perhaps one hundred miles from the army, or perhaps that army had returned to New England. That sensation of the mind called "the horrors," seemed to prevail. Getchel alone was really sedate and reflective. He ordered the other guide to search for birch bark, whilst he would look among the pines for turpentine. We followed the one or the other of these worthies, according to inclination, and soon returned with the desired materials. The cedar root was in plenty under our feet. Now a difficulty occurred, which had been unforeseen, and which was seemingly destructive of all hope. This was the want of fat or oil of every kind, with which to make the turpentine into pitch. A lucky thought occurred to the youngest of the company, that the pork bag lay empty and neglected in one of the canoes. The thought and the act of bringing it were instantaneous. The bag was ripped, and as if it had been so much gold dust, we scraped from it a-

bout a pint of dirty fat. Getchel now prepared an abundance of pitch. The cedar root gave us twine. The canoe was brought up to the fire. We found every rib except a few at the extreme points, actually torn from the gunwale. All hands set to work—two hours afterwards, the canoe was borne to the water.

We embarked, and proceeding cautiously, as we thought, along the shore, (for we dared not yet, with our craggy vessel, venture into deep water,) a snag, standing up stream, struck through the bottom of the canoe. This accident happened about five hundred yards from the fire. We put back with heavy hearts and great difficulty—our friends followed. It took an hour to patch the gap. The cup of sorrow was not yet full. As the men were bearing the wounded canoe to the water, Sergeant Boyd who paddled in the small canoe, which was drawn up as usual, taking hold of the bow, raised it waist high, (as was right,) intending to slide it gently into the water—the bank was steep and slippery, and Oh! my dear children, you cannot conceive the dread and horror the succeeding part of this scene produced in our minds. Mr. Boyd's feet slipped—the canoe fell from his hands—its own weight falling upon the cavity formed by the declivity of the bank and the water—broke it in the centre into two pieces, which were held together by nothing but the gunwale. Now absolute despair for the first time seized me. A thought came across my mind, that the Almighty had destined us to die of hunger in this inhospitable wilderness. The recollection of my parents, my brothers and sister, and the clandestine and cruel manner of my deserting them, drew from me some hidden, yet burning tears, and much mental contrition. This was unknown, unseen, and unheard by any but Him who is present

every where, and sees our inmost thoughts. Getchel, (comparing small things with great, who much resembled Homer's description of Ulysses, in his person, and whose staid and sober wisdom and foresight also bore a likeness to the talents of that hero,) resigned, yet thoughtful and active, instantly went to work. The canoe was brought to the fire, and placed in a proper posture for the operation. The lacerated parts were neatly brought together, and sewed with cedar root. A large ridge of pitch, as is customary in the construction of this kind of water craft, was laid over the seam to make it water-tight. Over the seam a patch of strong bark a foot in width, and of a length sufficient to encircle the bottom, even to the gunwales, was sewed down at the edges and pitched. Again over the whole of the work it was thought prudent to place our pork bag, which was well saturated with liquid fat. It was a full yard wide, and was laid down in the same manner. This work, which was laborious, nearly consumed the rest of the day.

We set out notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, and would it is likely have gone all night, well knowing the water below to be good, but for an enlivening occurrence, which soon after happened. Hunger drove us along at a cautious but rapid rate. The sterility of the country above had afforded us no game, neither moose, bear, nor wolf: nothing in short but the diver and a red pine squirrel, which was too small and quick to be killed by a bullet. These squirrels did not much exceed in size our striped ground squirrel. About dusk the lieutenant's canoe, four hundred yards before us, had within view turned a sharp point of land, when we heard the crack of a rifle, and presently another and a huzza. Apprehending an attack from an enemy, we pulled hard

to be enabled to support our friends. In a moment or two, observing them pulling for the north shore, which was steep, we looked up it for the enemy. Good Heavens! what a sight! We saw a moose-deer falling on the top of the bank. A cry of exultation seemed to burst the narrow valley of the river. Steele had struck the deer in the flank, as it was leaving the water, but it sprung up the bank with agility. Wheeler, with better fortune for us all, pierced its heart as it arrived at the top. Seeing this, you can scarcely imagine the celerity of our movements. We were ashore in a moment. A fire was kindled—the secondary guide cut off the nose and upper lip of the animal, instantly, and had it on the fire. What a feast! But we were prudent. We sat up all night, selecting the fat and tit-bits—frying, roasting, boiling and broiling. Towards morning we slept a few hours, absolutely careless of consequences. We knew that we had arrived in a land where game was plentiful, and where there were no foes superior to our number, to oppose us.

Oct. 12.—We rose after sunrise, and began, according to practice, to examine and prepare our guns. Prepared, mine was placed against a tree; my duty, in course, was of the culinary kind. George Merchant, my coadjutor, had gone to the river for water. He ran back, seized his own gun, and intimated that a bull moose was swimming across the river towards the camp. We jumped to our arms—it so happened that my station was rearward. The enormous animal was coming towards us, and not more than fifty paces off, his head and horns only above water. The sight was animating. Wheeler and some others fired at his head, but without effect. The extreme desire they had to possess so noble a prey, probably caused a tremor of the hand, or that part of his body

was impenetrable to our small balls, which is most likely. The moose turned and swam to the opposite bank. Having got to the verge of the river, his emerging was awaited. My ball struck precisely where it ought to kill. The huge animal rose the bank by several boggling leaps, but seemed unknowing which way to run. We thought he would fall. Wheeler, and some others, getting into the canoes, pursued him by his blood half a mile. When Wheeler returned he overloaded me with praises for the accuracy of the shot, and was confident that the deer was killed. We had no time to spare. We feasted till noon, and in the intermediate moments culled the entrails for the fat: we even broke the bones and extracted the marrow, under the full persuasion that food of an oily nature is one of the strongest mainstays of human life. Of this principle, if we had a doubt, we were shortly afterwards most irrefragably convinced. We departed from our camp joyously, untortured by the fear of starving: our canoe sunk deep by the weight of our venison. Running some miles and suddenly doubling a point, we saw a large grey wolf sitting on his haunches—he was fired at, but the distance was too great. He escaped. Looking down the river we saw a moose swimming from the main to an island; it was soon brought down. It proved to be young—of about 300 pounds weight. Its ears and flanks were much torn by the wolf. It constituted veal in our larder. The choice parts were deposited in the canoes—the residue was at the disposal of the wolf.

The following morning, (October 13th,) embarked early. After noon we arrived at our first encamping ground on the "Dead River," in good health and spirits, though pallid and weak for the want of substantial food in due quantity.

By this time the fat and marrow of the animal we had killed, were exhausted, and our stock of salt had been long since expended. One who has never been deprived of bread and salt, nor known the absence of oleaginous substances in his food, cannot make a true estimate of the invaluable benefits of such ingredients, in the sustenation of the bodily frame; nor of the extremity of our corporeal debility.

We ascended the bank, which is steep, and about fourteen feet high, carrying our baggage, arms and venison, leisurely, by piecemeal. The canoes, being too heavy for our strength, were secured below, in the water, by withes. It was immediately concluded to preserve our provisions by jerking. This operation is done by slicing the meat into thin strips. Then driving four forks into the earth, in a square position, at the required distance perpendicularly, and laying poles from fork to fork, and poles athwart from pole to pole. A rack is thus made, about four feet high, on which the sliced meat is laid, and smoke-fires are made underneath. This duty was soon performed. We now began to look about us, and discuss the subject of our return to the army, which we had, before this time, persuaded ourselves we should meet at this place. The non-appearance of the army, and our distress induced a conclusion that we were deserted and abandoned to a diastrous fate, the inevitable result of which would be a sinking into eternity for want of food; for though we might have killed more deer, the vigor of our bodies was so reduced that we were convinced that that kind of food could not restore us to our wonted energy, and enable us to perform so rugged and long a march as that to the frontiers of Maine. The notion of navigating the river was scouted as a fallacy, because we did not possess a sufficient degree of bodily force to bear the ca-

noes across the twelve-mile carrying-place. As, in the case of the retreat of the army, we had determined to follow, it became necessary to finish the jerking, which would take six days, to make it the more portable for our feebleness, and preservable if we should have wet weather on the march. It was further concluded, "That Lieutenant Steele, Getchel and Wheeler, should immediately proceed on foot across the twelve mile carrying-place, to meet the army. If they did meet it, that they should return to us with supplies by the end of three days, but in all events to return." Having no doubt of the honor of those gentlemen, the rest of the party remained, cheerfully jerking the meat. Now we experienced the full extent of a new species of starving. Having neither bread, nor salt, nor fat of any kind, every day we remained here we became more and more weak and emaciated. We had plenty of meat, both fresh and dried, of which we ate four, five and six times a day, in every shape we had the means of dressing it. Though we gorged the stomach, the appetite was unsatiated. Something like a diarrhœa ensued, which contributed to the imbecility of our bodies. Bear's oil would have made our venison savoury, but such an animal as a bear, we had not as yet seen in all our wanderings. On the evening of the fourth day, we looked out for our absent companions with much heartfelt anxiety. They came not. On the morning of the next day, we consulted upon the question whether we should follow the army. A majority voted for staying a few days longer to complete the jerking. To shew you the great bodily weakness we were brought to, it may be proper to relate the following anecdote as more evincive of the fact than any other method which might be adopted, to bring it fully to your minds. Sergeant Boyd,

(the strongest and stoutest man of the party, and perhaps of the army,) and myself, taking our arms, descended into a canoe, and passed the river, to the mouth of the creek before mentioned, intending to go to the next pond on the carrying-place, there to meet, as we hoped, the advance of the army. We staggered along through the plain, falling every now and then, if our toes but touched a twig or tuft of grass. Thus going forward, we arrived at the edge of the moss bog, which is mentioned as we ascended the river, and which is one and a half, or two miles from the pond. Here my worthy friend Boyd, unable to proceed, sunk down upon a log. My seat, in tears of excruciating grief, was taken beside him, endeavoring to infuse comfort and courage into his manly mind. It was in vain. The debility of his body had disarmed his courageous soul. Every art in my power was exercised to induce him to pass the bog. He would not listen to me on the subject. Melancholy, of the desperate kind, oppressed me. Convinced that the army had retreated, a prognostication fastened on my mind, that we should all die of mere debility in these wilds. We sat an hour. At length we agreed to return to our camp, though it was yet early in the afternoon. Our companions were pleased to see us, thinking our coming so soon indicated good news, but a gloom of desperation followed. As a last effort to save our lives, we all agreed to pass the river next morning and follow the army, which we were now assured had returned to Fort Western. Each one put into his knapsack as much of our mawkish food as he could conveniently carry.

Oct. 17.—We started early, passed the river, but from mere inability to carry our canoes, left them behind us, at the bank of the creek, marching forward, as fast as our feeble limbs could carry us. When we

came to the log where Boyd had seated himself, we were filled with extatic joy to observe on the far side of the bog, a party of pioneers forming a causeway for the passage of the army. Our strength redoubled—we passed the bog with considerable speed. Our wan and haggard faces, and meagre bodies, and the monstrous beards of my companions, who had neglected to carry a razor with them, seemed to strike a deep sorrow into the hearts of the pioneers. They gave us a little of their food, but what exhilerated us more, was the information that Major Febiger, with the advanced guard, lay at the next pond. We urged forward as fast as we could. Arriving at his fire a little before my company, an incapacity to stand compelled me to sit. Febiger, in a hurried manner, asked who we were? and from whence we came? A few words explained the mystery, and the cause of our distress. A glistening tear stood in this brave soldier's eye. As it were with a sudden and involuntary motion and much tenderness, he handed me his wooden canteen, (which contained the last spirits in the army,) from me it passed to Cunningham, who had just come up, the most ghastly and way-worn figure in nature; from him it went round to the rest, who arrived gradually, but slowly. The heart of Febiger seemed overjoyed at the relief he had and could afford us. The liquor had restored our fainting spirits, but this was not enough for his generosity to exhibit. He requested us to take seats around the fire and wait the boiling of his kettle, which was well replenished with pork and dumplins. This was all devoted to our use, accompanied by an open heartedness and the kindest expressions of interest for our sufferings, and regard for our perseverance in our duty as military men. This meal to all of us seemed a renewal of life. It was accustomed

food. Febiger, ere this time, was unknown to us, but in the process of events he acquired our esteem and entire confidence, as a friend and a real soldier. Our more immediate and intimate friends were still beyond the pond, but coming forward. By-and-by Morgan came—large, a commanding aspect, and stentorian voice. He wore leggins and a cloth, in the Indian style. His thighs, which were exposed to view, appeared to have been lacerated by the thorns and bushes. He knew our story from Wheeler and Steele, and greeted us kindly. We now found ourselves at home, in the bosom of a society of brave men, with whom we were not only willing, but anxious to meet the brunts of war. This was the 26th day we had been absent from the army. In the evening we resumed our stations in our respective messes. It was now fully explained to us why Steele had not brought us relief. He had met the advance of the army on the Kennebeck side of the carrying-place. Always alert and indefatigable when any duty was to be done, the labors of the men in carrying boats, barrels of flour, &c. were intolerable, and required the strength and athletic exertions of the officers, and particularly such as Lieutenant Steele, to enliven them in their duty. In bearing a heavy burden over rugged ground, he fell and sprained or dislocated his shoulder. Notwithstanding this accident, he had sent us supplies, but the bearers, either from cowardice or other cause, never came near us. Getchel and Wheeler had other duties to attend to—they were under immediate command. We also discovered from Steele that Clifton and M'Konkey, soon after we left them, had deserted their post, carrying all they could on their backs, to meet the army. The dastardly vices of the latter prevailing over the known courage, good sense, and sedate age of the former.

Nothing occurs to me contributory to the fame of these men afterwards. The first was an invalid, the latter a caitiff coward. In your scanning the characters of men, which you will be compelled to do in your own defence in the course of your lives, a good general rule for you to adopt will be: That whether you be in the company of military men, scholars, men of the law, legislators, &c. &c. in short, persons of any profession or class, if you find a person very loquacious—*dragging* the conversation to himself, and in a dictatorial way taking the lead; but more especially if he talks of his own prowess, deep reading, causes he has gained, eloquence, &c. &c. but still more so if the party boasts of wealth and ancestry—in the first instance, without hesitation, set such a person down in your memory as a baggadocio, a mere puffer, until you can inquire further for proof to the contrary. There are, to my knowledge, exceptions to this general rule, but few in number, particularly in the military class.

October 18th.—Now we again turned our faces towards the north. Having rejoined our messmates, enjoying substantial food and warm tents, we soon recruited a good degree of strength, and our former gaiety of temper and hilarity returned to us. We accompanied the army, and became guides in minute matters; for the paths and carrying-places we had sufficiently developed for Captain Ayres and his pioneers, by strong blazing and snagging of the bushes, so that he might proceed in perfect security, in the performance of the duties of his office. The three companies of riflemen under Morgan took up our old encamping ground on the Dead River, during the afternoon of the following day.

Oct. 19th and 20th.—Here we lay encamped for several days, waiting the arrival of the rear of the

New England troops: they came up hourly. During our stay here, it pleased me internally to observe that Morgan adopted certain rules of discipline, absolutely necessary to the state we were in, but discordant with the wild and extravagant notions of our private men. Powder and ball, particularly the first, to us riflemen, was of the first consequence. At Cambridge the horns belonging to the men were filled with an excellent rifle powder—which, when expended, could not be replaced in Canada by any powder of an equal quality. The men had got into a habit of throwing it away at every trifling object. Upon our return from the Chaudiere, this circumstance raised disgust in us: for *we* had been studiously careful of our ammunition, never firing but at some object that would give us the means of subsistence. Though we drew our loads every morning, from a fear of the dampness of the atmosphere, yet the ball and powder were never lost. Our bullet-screws brought the first out with ease, and it was recast: the latter was carefully returned to the horn, where, if moist, it soon became dry. Morgan's principal rules were, that there should be no straggling from the camp; and no firing without authoritative permission. Reasonable as these injunctions were, they were opposed. Being young, and my friend Steele absent, a whisper of approbation did not fall from me, which, in my subordinate station, might have been indelicate. It was left to the energy of Morgan's mind, and he conquered. During our resting here, Arnold, accompanied by Steele and some excellent boatmen, proceeded to the head of the river. The rifle corps preceded the main body of the army, both by land and water. The boats, which were heavily laden with baggage and provisions, took in no more men than were necessary to navigate

them, that is, three to a boat. The remainder of the army marched by land, the river being generally their guide.

Here, my dear children, permit me to give you the genuine character of my friend General Simpson, whom you all know personally. He was among my earliest and best friends. He was then as apparently eccentric as he is at this time: there is no obvious difference in his manner between the two periods.—As an officer, he was always active and keen in the performance of his duty. Hard was the service; but his heart was soft to his friend. Simpson invited his messmate aboard his boat, being still somewhat feeble from our late privations; the invitation was gladly accepted.

Oct. 21st.—We embarked. Having Lieut. Simpson for a steersman, and John Tidd and Jas. Dougherty as boatmen, we went gaily on for that and the next day: able to lead any boat in the river.

Oct. 22d.—On the evening of this second day, we encamped on a bank eight or nine feet high, at a place where we had rested when ascending the river the first time. In the evening a most heavy torrent of rain fell upon us, which continued all night. Having now a good tent over our heads, the inconvenience was not much felt. We slept soundly. Towards morning we were awakened by the water that flowed in upon us from the river. We fled to high ground.

Oct. 23d.—When morning came, the river presented a most frightful aspect: it had risen at least eight feet, and flowed with terrifying rapidity. None but the most strong and active boatmen entered the boats. The army marched on the south side of the river, making large circuits to avoid the overflowings of the intervale or bottom lands. This was one of the most

fatiguing marches we had as yet performed, though the distance was not great in a direct line. But having no path, and being necessiated to climb the steepest hills, and that without food, for we took none with us, thinking the boats would be near us all day; in the evening we arrived at the fall of four feet, which was mentioned when ascending the river. Alas! all the boats of the army were on the opposite side of the river. The pitch of the fall made a dreadful noise, and the current ran with immense velocity. We sat down on the bank sorely pinched by hunger, looking wistfully towards our friends beyond the torrent, who were in possession of all the provisions, tents, and camp equipage, convinced that the most adventurous boatmen would not dare the passage for the sake of accommodating any of us. We were, however, mistaken. There were two men, and only two, who had skill and courage to dare it. Need Lieutenant Simpson on an occasion like this, be named? He, accompanied by John Tidd, entered his empty boat. What skill in boatmanship! what aptitude with the paddle was here exhibited! The principal body of the water ran over the middle of the fall, and created a foaming and impetuous torrent, in some measure resembling, at this particular time, that of the Oswego falls, which had been known to me ere this. The river was about 150 or 200 yards in breadth, counting on the increase of water by the rains. The force of the central current naturally formed considerable eddies at each side of the river, close under the pitch. Simpson now disclosed his amazing skill. Though there was an eddy, even that was frightful, he came by its mean nearly under the pitch, and trying to obtain an exact start, failed. The stream forced his boat down the river, but he recovered and brought it up. Now we, who were trem-

bling for the fate of our friend, and anxious for our own accommodation, began to fear he might be drawn under the pitch. Quick, almost in a moment, Simpson was with us. He called in his loud voice to Robert Dixon, James Old, (a messmate,) and myself to enter the boat. We entered immediately. He pushed off; attempting the start by favor of the hither eddy, which was the main thing, we failed. Returning to the shore, we were assailed by a numerous band of soldiers, hungry and anxious to be with their companions. Simpson told them he could not carry more with safety, and would return for them. Henry M'Annely, a tall Irishman, who could not from experience comprehend the danger, jumped into the boat; he was followed by three or four other inconsiderate men. The countenance of Simpson changed; his soul and mine were intimate. "O God," said he, "men we shall all die." They would not recede. Again we approached the pitch; it was horrible. The batteaux swam deep, almost ungovernable by the paddle. Attempting again to essay the departure, we failed. The third trial was made; it succeeded. As lightning we darted athwart the river. Simpson, with his paddle, governed the stern. The worthy Tidd in the bow. Dixon and myself, our guns stuck in the railing of the batteaux, but without paddles, sat in the stern next to Simpson. Mr. Old was in the bow near Tidd. Henry M'Annally was adjoining Mr. Old. The other men sat between the stern and bow. Simpson called to the men in the bow to lay hold of the birch bushes: the boat struck the shore forcibly; they caught hold, M'Annaly in particular, (this was in the tail of the eddy,) but like children, their holds slipped at the only spot where we could have been saved; for the boat had been judiciously and safely brought up. Letting

go their holds, the bow came round to the stream, and the stern struck the shore. Simpson, Dixon and myself, now caught the bushes, but being by this time thrown into the current, the strength of the water made the withes as so many straws in our hands. The stern again swung round: the bow came again ashore. Mr. Old, Tidd, and M'Annaly, and the rest, sprung to the land to save their lives. Doing this at our cost, their heels forced the boat across the current. Though we attempted to steady it, the boat swagged. In a moment after, at thirty feet off shore, being broad side to the current, it turned, borne under, in spite of all our force, by the fury of the stream. The boat upsetting, an expression, as going into the water, fell from me, "Simpson, we are going to heaven." My fall was head-foremost. Simpson came after me: his heels, at the depth of fifteen feet or more, were upon my neck and head, and those grinding on the gravel. We rose nearly together, your father first—my friend followed. The art of swimming, in which I thought myself an adept, was tried, but it was a topsy-turvy business; the force of the water threw me often heels-over-head.

In the course of this voyage, after a few hundred yards, Simpson was at my side, but the force of the stream prevented the exertion of swimming; yet the impetuosity of the current kept us up. It drove us toward the other side of the river, against a long ridge of perpendicular rocks of great extent. Luckily in the course of some hundred yards the current changed, and brought us perforce to the north side of the river. Floating along with my head just above water, (prayers in sincere penitence having been uttered,) a boat's crew of the eastern men handed me a pole. It was griped as by the hand of death—but griped, the pole remained to me. The strength of

the current was such that the boat would inevitably have upset, if the boatman had kept his hold. A glance of the eye informed me that my companion in misfortune had shared the same fate. Resigned into the bosom of my Saviour, my eyes became closed; the death appeared to me to be a hard one; sensibility in a great degree forsook me. Driving with the current some hundreds of yards more, the most palpable feeling recollected, was the striking of my breast against a root or hard substance. My head came above water. Breathing ensued; at the same moment Simpson raised his head out of the water, his gold laced hat on it, crying "Oh!" Neither of us could have crept out; we should have there died, but for the assistance of Edward Cavanaugh, an Irishman, an excellent soldier, who was designated in the company by the appellation of "Honest Ned." Passing from the lower part of the river, he happened to come to the eddy at the moment my breast struck. He cried out, 'Lord, Johnny! is this you?' and instantly dragged me out of the water. Simpson immediately appearing, he did him the same service. Lying on the earth perhaps twenty minutes, the water pouring from my mouth, a messenger from the camp came to rouse us. Roused, we went in. But all eyes looked out for Dixon, all hearts were wailing for his loss. It was known he could not swim, but none of us could recollect whether he had dropped into the water or had adhered to the boat. After a while we had the inexpressible pleasure of Dixon in our company. He had stuck to the side of the boat, which lodged on a vast pile of drift wood some miles below, and in this way he was saved. Arriving at the camp, our friends had a large fire prepared, particularly for our accommodation; heat, after such an occurrence, is most agreeable. My two

friends in distress, whose clothing was principally woolen, felt none of my private disaster. My leather breeches attached closely and coldly to the skin. Modesty prohibited a disclosure. The sense of pain or inconvenience which was observed by my seniors, caused an inquiry. Immediately the breeches were off and stuck upon a pole to dry. Simpson was so much exhilerated by our escape, that, seated upon a stump, he sung "Plato" in great glee. It became a favorite with us. During all this time, perhaps till one or two o'clock, my breeches were in my hand almost in continued friction. The laugh of the company was against me, but it was borne stoically.

The following morning. (Oct. 24,) presented to me many difficulties: to be sure my horn, with a pound of powder, and my pouch, with seventy bullets, were unharmed by the water, though around my neck in the course of our swimming: yet I had lost my knapsack, my hat, and my most precious rifle. Awaking, the world appeared to be a wild waste. Disarmed, my insignificance pressed strongly on my mind; dishonor seemed to follow of course. Without the armour of *defence*, men and nations are mere automatons, liable to be swayed by the beck of power, and subject to the hand of oppression. Young as your father was, his soul was oppressed. To return with the invalids was dreadful, and without arms he could not proceed. Comfort came to me in the shape of Lieutenant, now General Nichols, then of Hendricks'. He had two hats—he presented me one: but what was more to my purpose, he, or General Simpson, informed me that some of the invalids wished to dispose of their rifles. With the assistance of Nichols and Simpson, a bargain was struck with a person called William Reynolds, or Rannels, of our company, who was miserably sick, and returned in the boats.

Money was out of the question. An order upon my father, dated at this place, for the sum of twelve dollars, was accepted, and afterwards honorably paid. This gun was short, and carried about 45 balls to the pound. The stock was much shattered, and it was worth about five dollars. Necessity has no law. Never did a gun, ill as its appearance was, shoot with greater certainty, and where the ball touched, from its size it was sure to kill. This observation, trifling as it may seem, ought to induce government to adopt guns of this size, as to length of barrel and size of ball. There are many reasons to enforce this opinion. We departed from this place without any material occurrence, and went rapidly forward.

A laughable circumstance ensued on the morning of the 27th of October, near the first pond, at the head of the river. The Virginians, (though it is not probable that any of the officers, excepting one,) had taken up the idea that they were our superiors in every military qualification, and ought to lead. Hendricks, though the oldest commissioned officer of the rifle companies, was still the youngest man. For the sake of peace and good order, he had not assented to, but merely acquiesced in Morgan's assumption of the command of our corps, as the elder *person*. Those men, who were clever and brave, were just such in that behalf, as we were ourselves: but a Mr. Heath, who was blind of an eye, (a Lieutenant of Morgan's,) seemed to think that all others were inferior to those of the "ancient dominion." We had a hard morning's *pushing*, when, coming up to the first pond, at the head of the Dead River, we saw Heath before us. Observing to Simpson '*push him*,' we went up with much force; poor Heath laboring like a slave to keep his place. Tidd and Dougherty felt my spirit as much as Simpson did. At the mo-

ment of our passing, (for we went up on the outside of him, towards the middle of the current,) his pole stuck, upon which he gave us a few hearty curses. Entering the lake, the boat, under my guidance and information, steered directly for the passage to the second lake. Humphreys, (Morgan's first Lieutenant,) a brave and most amiable man, whom we highly esteemed, was in a boat far to the left, searching for a passage. Simpson, at my instance, hailed him to come on. He answered there was no passage *there*—alluding to the place we steered for. Encouraging my friend to go on, the deception Humphreys lay under was soon discovered. The creek was deep and serpentine, and the country around, for a considerable distance, a flat. A log, brought down by the late freshet, lay across the stream, so as to give to a stranger the idea that the mouth of the creek was merely a nook of the lake. Setting the log afloat, as was easily done, the boat proceeded.

October 28. Continuing rapidly, for now we had no carrying nor marking of trees, there being plenty of water, the evening was spent at the foot of that mountain called the Height of Land. This was a day of severe labor. The navigation of the Chaudiere was represented by us to Captains Hendricks and Smith, as very dangerous; and, so far as our information went, it was so. They, to save their men, concluded to carry over the hill but one boat for each of their companies. This resolution was easily accomplished. Morgan, on the other hand, determined to carry over all his boats. It would have made your heart ache to view the intolerable labors of his fine fellows. Some of them, it was said, had the flesh worn from their shoulders, even to the bone. By this time an antipathy had arisen against Morgan, as too strict a disciplinarian.

On the following day, (October 29th,) the army, disjointed as was our corps, at least Hendricks' and Smith's, encamped on the plain on the bank of the Chaudiere. Morgan afterwards took his station near us. Here it first became generally known that Enos had returned from the twelve-mile carrying-place with 500 men, a large stock of provisions, and the medicine chest.* It damped our spirits much, but our commander conceived it was better to proceed than return. We were about a hundred miles from the frontier of Canada, but treble that distance from that of New-England. Our provisions were exhausted. We had no meat of any kind. The flour which remained, so far as I know, was divided fairly and equally among the troops; the riflemen shared *five pints of flour per man.* During the night and the ensuing morning, the flour was baked into five cakes per man, under the ashes, in the way of Indian bread.

On the 30th of October we set forward. The men were told by the officers "that order would not be required in the march—each one must put the best foot foremost." The first day's march was closed by a charming sleep on fir-branches. The gentlemen of our mess lay together, each one covering himself with his blanket. My memory does not serve to say that

* As soon as the army reached the source of Dead River, which is a branch of the Kennebec, Colonel Enos received orders to send back all the sick, and all those to whom it was not possible to furnish provisions. But this officer, embracing the occasion, returned with all his detachment to the camp at Boston. All the army, on seeing him appear, were transported with indignation against a man who had abandoned his own companions in the midst of dangers, and whose desertion might occasion the miscarriage of the whole enterprize. He was brought before a court martial, but acquitted, in consequence of the acknowledged impossibility of procuring sustenance in these wild and desert places.—*Botta's Revolutionary War.*

any stir was made by any one during the night. Happening to be the first that awakened in the morning, the blanket was suddenly thrown from my head, but what was my surprise to find that we had lain under a cover of at least four inches of snow. We had scarcely risen and got our kettle on the fire, when our drummer, (we had no bugles,) John Shaeffer, came slipshod to our fire, complaining that his cakes had been stolen from him. A more wretched figure was scarcely ever beheld. He was purblind. This circumstance, though he was my townsman, and acquainted with me from my earliest infancy, was yet unknown to me until this last march, (ascending the Dead River,) began. My station in the line of march, which was in the single file, (or Indian, as it was then called,) was next to the Captain; the drummer followed. Here his defect was most effectually seen. Smith was lithsome and quick of foot, as we were all, except poor Shaeffer. In the course of this toilsome march without a path, many deep ravines presented themselves; over these lay many logs, fallen perhaps many years before. The captain took the log, preferring it to a descent of 20 or 30 feet into the gulph below, which at times was quite abrupt. Following me, Shaeffer would frequently, drum and all, tumble headlong into the abyss. His misfortunes in this way, for he was a laughing stock, excited contempt in the soldiers, but in me compassion. He often required my aid. On this latter occasion we were boiling a bleary, being nothing more than flour and water, and that without salt. At my solicitation, the mess gave him a tin cup full of it. He received from me my third cake. This man, blind, starving, and almost naked, bore his drum, unharmed by all its jostlings, safely to Quebec, while many hale men died in the wilderness.

This morning, November 1st, breakfasting on our bleary, we took up the line of march through a flat and boggy ground. About ten o'clock A. M. we arrived by a narrow neck of land at a marsh which was appalling. It was three fourths of a mile over, and covered by a coat of ice half an inch thick. At this place Simpson concluded to halt a short time for the stragglers or maimed of Hendricks' and Smith's companies to come up. There were two women attached to those companies, who arrived before we commenced the march. One was the wife of Sergeant Grier, a large, virtuous and respectable woman. The other was the wife of a private of our company, a man who lagged on every occasion. These women having arrived, it was presumed that all our party were up. We were on the point of entering the marsh, when some one cried out, 'Warner is not here.' Another said he had sat down, sick, under a tree, a few miles back. His wife begged us to wait a short time, and with tears of affection in her eyes, ran back to her husband. We tarried an hour. They came not. Entering the pond, (Simpson foremost,) and breaking the ice here and there with the buts of our guns and feet, as occasion required, we were soon waist deep in the mud and water. As is generally the case with youths, it came to my mind that a better path might be found than that of the more elderly guide. Attempting this, the water, in a trice cooling my armpits, made me gladly return into the file. Now Mrs. Grier had got before me. My mind was humbled, yet astonished, at the exertions of this good woman. Her clothes more than waist high, she waded before me to firm ground. No one, so long as she was known to us, dared to intimate a disrespectful idea of her. Her husband, an excellent soldier, was on duty in Hendricks' boat, that had proceeded

to the outlet of the lake with Lieutenant M'Cleland. Arriving at firm ground, and waiting again for our companions, we then set off, and in a march of several miles, over a scrubby and flat plain, arrived at a river flowing from the east into the Chaudiere lake. This we passed in a batteaux, which the prudence of Colonel Arnold had stationed here for our accommodation; otherwise we must have swam the stream, which was wide and deep. In a short time we came to another river flowing from the same quarter, still deeper and wider than the former. Here we found a batteaux under the superintendence of Capt. Dearborn, in which we passed the river. We skirted the river to its mouth, then passed along the margin of the lake to the outlet of the Chaudiere, where we encamped with a heterogenous mass of the army. It was soon perceived that the French term *Chaudiere* was most aptly applied to the river below us. Indeed every part of it that came under our view, until we arrived at the first house in Canada, might well be termed a caldron or boiler, which is the import of its French name. It is remarkable of this river, and which distinguished it from all others I had seen, that for 60 or 70 miles, it is a continued rapid, without any apparent gap or passage, even for a canoe. Every boat we put into the river was stove in one part or another. Captain Morgan lost all his boats, and the life of a much valued soldier. With difficulty he saved his own life and the treasure committed to his care. Arnold, accompanied by Steele, John M. Taylor, and a few others, in a boat, were in advance of the army; but they were obliged to take to the land, as I subsequently heard.

On the morning of the 2d of November, we set off from the Chaudiere lake, and hungered, (as to myself,) almost to death. What with the supplies to

Shaeffer, and my own appetite, food of any kind had become a non-entity with me. My own sufferings, in the two succeeding marches, from particular causes, were more than ordinarily severe. My mockasins had, many days since, been worn to shreds and cast aside: my shoes, though they had been well sewed and hitherto stuck together, now began to give way, and that in the very worst part, (the upright seam in the heel.) For one to save his life, he must keep his station in the rank. The moment his place was lost, as nature and reason dictate, the following soldier assumed his place. Thus, once thrown out of the file, the unfortunate wretch must await the passage of many men, until a place towards the rear happens to open for his admission. This explanation will answer some questions which you might naturally put. Why did you not sew it? Why did you not tie the shoe to your foot? If there had been awl, thread, and strings at command, (which there were not, for the causes above stated,) one dared not have done either, as the probable consequence would ensue, "Death by hunger in a dreary wilderness." Man, when thrown out of society, is the most helpless of God's creatures. Hence you may form a conception of the intolerable labor of the march. Every step taken, the heel of the foot slipped out of the shoe; to recover the position of the foot in the shoe, and at the same time to stride, was hard labor, and exhausted my strength to an unbearable degree. You must remember that this march was not performed on the level surface of the parade ground, but over precipitous hills, deep gullies, and even without the path of the vagrant savage to guide us. Thus we proceeded till towards mid-day, the pale and meagre looks of my companions, tottering on their limbs, corresponding with my own. My friend Simpson,

seeing my enfeebled condition and the cause, prevailed with the men to rest themselves a few minutes. Bark, the only succedaneum for twine or leather in this miserable country, was immediately procured, and the shoe bound tightly to the foot. Then marching hastily, in the course of an hour or more we came within view of a tremendous cataract in the river, from 12 to 20 feet high. The horror this sight gave us, fearing for the safety of our friends in the boats, was aggravated, when, turning the point of a steep cragg, we met those very friends, having lost all but their lives, sitting around a fire on the shore. Oh God! what were our sensatious! Poor M'Cleland, first Lieutenant of Hendricks,' and for whose accommodation the boat was most particularly carried across the mountain, was lying by the fire; he beckoned to us: his voice was not audible; placing my ear close to his lips, he indistinctly articulated the expression, 'Farewell.' Simpson, who loved him, gave him half of the pittance of food which he still possessed; all I could give was a—tear. The short but melancholy story of this gentleman, so far as it has come to my knowledge, may be detailed in a very few words. He had resided on the Juniata at the time he was commissioned. My knowledge of him commenced in the camp near Boston. He was endowed with all those qualities which win the affections of men. Open, brave, sincere, and a lover of truth. On the Dead River, the variable weather brought on a cold that affected his lungs. The tenderness of his friends conducted him safely, though much reduced, to the foot of the mountain at the head of the Dead River. Thence he was borne in a litter across the mountain by men. If you had seen the young, yet venerable Captain Hendricks, bearing his share of this beloved and patriotic burthen across

the plain to our camp, it would have raised esteem, if not affection, towards him. M'Cleland was transported from our camp in a boat to the place where we found him. The crew conducting the boat, although worthy men and well acquainted with such kind of navigation, knew nothing of this river.—They descended, unaware of the pitch before them, until they had got nearly into the suck of the falls. Here, luckily, a rock presented itself, on which it was so contrived as to lodge the boat. Now the crew with great labor and danger bore their unfortunate Lieutenant to the shore, where we found him. We passed on, fearful for our own lives. Coming to a long, sandy beach of the Chaudiere, for we sometimes had such, some of our company were observed to dart from the file, and with their nails tear out of the sand, roots, which they esteemed eatable, and ate them raw, even without washing. Languid and woe-begone as your father was, it could not but create a smile to observe the whole line watching with Argus eyes the motions of a few men who knew the indications in the sands of those roots. The knowing one sprung; half a dozen followed; he who obtained it ate the root instantly. Though hunger urged, it was far from me to contend in that way with so powerful men as these were.

During this day's march, (about 10 or 11 A. M.) my shoe having given out again, we came to a fire, where were some of Captain Thayer's or Topham's men. Simpson was in front; trudging after, slipshod and tired, I sat down on the end of a long log, against which the fire was built, absolutely fainting from hunger and fatigue, my gun standing between my knees. Seating myself, that very act gave a cast to the kettle, it being placed partly against the log, in such a way as to spill two-thirds of its contents.

At that moment a large man sprung to his gun, and pointing it towards me, he threatened to shoot. It created no fear; his life was with much more certainty in my power. Death would have been a welcome visitor. Simpson soon made us friends. Coming to their fire, they gave me a cup of their broth. A table spoonful was all that was tasted. It had a greenish hue, and they said it was made from the flesh of a bear. This was instantly known to be untrue, from the taste and smell. It was that of a dog. He was a large black Newfoundland dog, belonging to Thayer, and very fat. We left these merry fellows, for they were actually such, maugre all their wants, and marching quickly, towards evening encamped. We had a good fire, but no food. To me the world had lost its charms. Gladly would death have been received as an auspicious herald from the Divinity. My privations in every way were such as to produce a willingness to die. Without food, without clothing to keep me warm, without money, and in a deep and devious wilderness, the idea occurred, and the means were in my hands, of ending existence. The God of all goodness inspired other and better thoughts. One principal cause of change, (under the fostering hand of Providence,) in my sentiments, was the jovial hilarity of my friend Simpson. At night, warming our bodies at an immense fire, (our compatriots joined promiscuously around,) to animate the company, he would sing "Plato;" his sonorous voice gave spirit to my heart, and the morality of the song, consolation to my mind. In truth the music, though not as correct as Handel, added strength and vigor to our nerves. This evening it was, that some of our companions, whose stomachs had not received food the last forty-eight hours, adopted the notion that leather, though it had been man-

ufactured, might be made palatable food, and would gratify the appetite. Observing their discourse, to me the experiment became a matter of curiosity.—They washed their moose-skin moccasins in the first place in the river, scraping away the dirt and sand with great care. These were brought to the kettle and boiled a considerable time, under the vague, but consolatory hope that a mucilage would take place. The boiling over, the poor fellows chewed the leather; but it was leather still, not to be macerated. My teeth, though young and good, succeeded no better. Disconsolate and weary, we passed the night.

November 3d.—We arose early, hunger impelling, and marched rapidly. After noon, on a point on the bank of the river, some one pretended he descried the 'first house,' ten miles off. Not long after, another discerned a boat coming towards us; and turning a point of land, presently all perceived cattle driving up the shore. These circumstances gave occasion to a feeble huzza of joy from those who beheld these cheerful and enlivening sights. We were now treading a wide and stony beach of the river. Smith, our captain, who at this moment happened to be in company, elated with the prospect of a supply of food, in the joy of his heart, perhaps thoughtlessly, said to me, "Take this, Henry." It was gladly received. Opening the paper, which had been neatly folded, there appeared a hand's breadth and length of bacon-fat, of an inch thick; thoughtlessly, it was eaten greedily, inattentive to all former rule, and thanks to God, did me no harm. Here it was that for the first time, Aaron Burr, a most amiable youth of twenty, came to my view. He then was a cadet. It will require a most cogent evidence to convince my mind that he ever intended any ill to his country in after years, by his various speculations. Though differing in political opinion from him, no reason has as

yet been laid before me to induce a belief that he was traitorous to his country. However, take this as the wayward ideas of a person totally excluded from a knowledge of the secrets of the cabinet, who was somewhat attentive to its operations, so far as newspaper information can elucidate.

We marched as hastily as our wearied and feeble limbs would admit, hoping soon to share in something like an Abysinian feast. The curvatures of the river had deceived us in the calculation of distance. It was many hours ere we came to the place of slaughter. We found a fire but no provision, except a small quantity of oaten meal, resembling in grit our chopped rye. Simpson warmed some of this in water, and ate with gout. To me it was nauseous; this may have been owing to the luncheon from Smith's hoard. The Frenchmen told us that those who preceded had devoured the very entrails of the cattle. One of the eastern men, as we came to the fire, was gorging the last bit of the colon, half rinsed —half broiled. It may be said he ate with pleasure, for he tore it as a hungry dog would tear a haunch of meat. We soon encamped for the night, cheered by the hope of succor.

November 4th.—About two o'clock, P. M. we arrived at a large stream coming from the east, which we ran through, though more than mid-deep. This was the most chilling bath we had hitherto received: the weather was raw and cold. It was my 17th birth day, and the hardest of them all. Within a few hundred yards of the river stood the 'first house' in Canada: we approached it in extacy, sure of being relieved from a death occasioned by famine. Many of our compatriots were unaware of that death which arises from sudden repletion. The active spirit of Arnold, with such able assistants as John M. Taylor

and Steele, had laid in a great stock of provisions. The men were furious, voracious, and insatiable.—Three starvations had taught me wisdom. My friends took my advice; but, notwithstanding the irrefragable arguments the officers used to insure moderation, the men were outrageous upon the subject; they had no comprehension of such reasoning. There was a Pennsylvania German of our company, a good and orderly soldier, who, from my affection towards him, I watched like another Doctor Pedro Positive. All of my reasoning and representation had no influence upon him. Boiled beef, hot bread, potatoes boiled and roasted, were gormandized without stint. He seemed to defy death for the mere enjoyment of present gratification, and died two days after. Many of the men sickened. If not much mistaken, we lost three of our company by their imprudence on this occasion. The immediate distension of the stomach by food, after a lengthy fast, operates as a more sudden extinction of life than the total absence of aliment.

At this place we for the first time had the pleasure of seeing the worthy and respectable Indian, Natanis, and his brother Sabatis, with some others of their tribe, (the Abenaquis.) Lieutenant Steele told us that when he first arrived Natanis came to him in an abrupt but friendly manner, and gave him a cordial shake by the hand, intimating a previous knowledge of him. When we came, he approached Cunningham, Boyd, and myself, and shook hands in the way of an old acquaintance. We now learned from him that on the evening when we first enamped on Dead River, (September 29th,) in our first ascension, he lay within view of our camp, and so continued day and night to attend our voyage, until the path presented that led directly into Canada. This path he took.

To the question "Why did you not speak to your friends?" he readily answered and truly, "You would have killed me." This was most likely, as our prejudices against him had been most strongly excited, and we had no limit in our orders as to this devoted person. He, his brother Sabatis, and seventeen other Indians, the nephews and friends of Natanis, marched with us to Quebec. In the attack on that place on the morning of the first of January following, Na anis received a musket ball through his wrist. He adopted a chirurgery that seemed extraordinary at the time, and quite new, but which now seems to me to be that of nature itself. He drew a pledget of linen quite though the wound, the ends of which hung down on each side of the arm. He was taken prisoner, but General Carlton discharged him immediately, with strong tokens of commiseration. This is the first instance in the course of our revolutionary war, of the employment of Indians in actual warfare against our enemies. To be sure it was the act of a junior commander, unwarranted, so far as has come to my knowledge, by the orders of his superiors; yet it seemed to authorize, in a small degree, upon the part of our opponents, that horrible system of aggression which in a short time ensued, and astonished and disgusted the civilized world.

Nov. 5th.—Hunger, which neither knows governance or restraint, being now gratified, we turned our attention towards our friends that were still in the wilderness. Smith and Simpson, (for recollection does not serve to say how my friends Hendricks and Nichols were employed, but most certainly in doing good,) always active, procured two young Indians, nephews of Natanis, "sweet fellows," (as Simpson called them,) to proceed on the following morning to the great fall, for the person of the invaluable M'Cle-

land. Before we started, it gave me pleasure to see these youths, excited by the reward obtained, pushing their birch-bark canoe against the strict current of the river. It seemed like an egg-shell to bound over the surface of the waves of every opposing ripple. To end at once this dolorous part of the story: the young men, in spite of every impediment from the waters, and the solicitations of the starved wanderers in the rear for food, hurried on to the fall, and on the evening of the third day brought our dying friend to the "first house." The following day he died, and his corpse received a due respect from the inhabitants of the vicinage. We were informed of this a month after. This real catholicism towards the remains of one we loved, made a deep and wide breach upon my early prejudices, which since that period has caused no regret, but has induced a more extended and paternal view of mankind, unbounded by sect or opinion.

On the morning of the 6th Nov. we marched in straggling parties, through a flat and rich country, sprinkled, it might be said, decorated by many low houses, all white washed, which appeared to be the warm abodes of a contented people. Every now and then a chapel came in sight; but more frequently the rude, yet pious imitations of the sufferings of our Savior, and the image of the virgin. These things created surprise, at least, in my mind, for where I expected there could be little other than barbarity, we found civilized men, in a comfortable state, enjoying all the benefits arising from the institutions of civil society. The river, along which the road ran in this day's march, became in the most part our guide. It now flowed in a deep and almost sightless current; where my opportunities gave me a view. Our abstemiousness still continued. About noon of the

next day we arrived at the quarters of Arnold, a station he had taken for the purpose of halting and embodying the whole of our emaciated and straggling troops. We were now perhaps thirty miles from Point Levi, which is on the St. Lawrence, and nearly opposite to Quebec.

Now our mess had "friends at court." Arnold, since we left the twelve-mile carrying-place the last time, had deservedly taken Steele as a guide into his mess, and he had become a kind of aid-de-camp. He was, to say no more, a confidential man. John M. Taylor, keen and bold as an Irish grey-hound, was of our company. Being a ready penman and excellent accountant, he was at once exalted by the shrewd and discerning eye of Arnold, to the offices of purveyor and commissary. We had no distinctions of office, scarcely any of rank, in those days. Our squad consequently came boldly up to head-quarters, though we did not go into the presence of the officers. Steele, who was in waiting, pointed to the slaughter-house, an hundred yards distant. Thither we went, determined to indulge. Here we found our friend Taylor, worried almost to death in dealing out the sustenance of life to others. Without hyperbole or circumlocution, he gave us as many pounds of beef-steaks as we chose to carry. Proceeding to the next house, a mile below, some one of the party became cook. Good bread and potatoes, with the accompaniment of beef-steak, produced a savory meal. Believing myself out of danger from any extraordinary indulgence of appetite, the due quantity was exceeded, and yet, believe me, it was not more than an anchorite might religiously take. We soon became sensible of this act of imprudence. The march of the afternoon was a dull and heavy one. A fever attacked me. I became, according to my feelings, the

most miserable of human beings. Determined not to lag behind, my eyes, at times, could scarcely discern the way, nor my legs do their office. We did not march far this afternoon. In this high latitude, a winter's day is very short and fleeting. The evening brought me no comfort, though we slept warmly in a farm house.

November 7th.—The army now formed into more regular and compact order, in the morning pretty early, we proceeded. About noon my disorder had increased so intolerably, that I could not put a foot forward. Seating myself upon a log at the way-side, the troops passed on. In the rear came Arnold on horseback. He knew my name and character, and good-naturedly inquired after my health. Being informed, he dismounted, ran down to the river side, and hailed the owner of the house which stood opposite across the water. The good Canadian, in his canoe, quickly arrived. Depositing my gun and accoutrements in the hands of one of our men, who attended upon me, and had been disarmed by losing his rifle in some one of the wrecking's above, and Arnold putting two silver dollars in my hands, the Frenchman carried me to his house. Going to bed with a high fever upon me, I lay all this and the following day without tasting food. That had been the cause of the disease, its absence became the cure.

The morning of the third day, (10th Nov.) brought me health. The mistress of the house, who had been very attentive and kind, asked me to breakfast. This humble, but generous meal, consisted of a bowl of milk for the guest, with excellent bread. The fare of the family was this same bread, garlic, and salt. I had observed that this was the usual morning's diet, for I lay in the stove-room, where the fam-

ily ate and slept. This worthy family was composed of seven persons: the parents in the prime of life, and five charming, ruddy children, all neatly and warmly clothed in woollen, apparently of their own manufacture. You might suppose, from their manner of living, that these persons were poor. No such thing. They were in good circumstances. Their house, barn, stabling, &c. were warm and comfortable, and their diet such as is universal among the French peasantry of Canada. Proffering my two dollars to this honest man, he rejected them with something like disdain in his countenance, intimating to me that he had merely obeyed the dictates of religion and humanity. Tears filled my eyes when I took my leave of these amiable people. But they had not even yet done enough for me. The father insisted on attending me to the ferry some miles off, where the river takes a turn almost due north, to meet the St. Lawrence. Here my worthy host procured me a passage *scott-free*, observing to me my money might be needed before the army could be overtaken. Landing on the north bank of the river, the way could not be mistaken, the track of the army had so strongly marked the route. To me it was a most gloomy and solitary march. Not a soul was to be seen in the course of ten miles. Being without arms, and in an unknown country, my inconsequence and futileness lay heavy on my spirits. Here and there was a farm-house, but the inhabitants were either closely-housed or absent from their homes. Afternoon, arriving at the quarters of our company, my gun and accoutrements were reclaimed with ardor, and a solemn resolution never to part with them again, unless it happened by the compulsion of the foe. The house which the company possessed, lay some hundreds of paces from head-quarters, but within

view. Morgan's quarters were nearer. Where Hendricks made his lodgment is not now recollected, but it was at no great distance.

On the following day, (Nov. 11th,) our guns in order, a scene opened, which then and now seems to me to have exhibited us in a disreputable point of view: it evinced, at least, the necessity of a staid and sober conduct of the officer, as well as a strict subordination and obedience of the private. A hurried and boisterous report came from head-quarters, that the British were landing on our left at a mill, about a mile off. Each one grasped his arms. Morgan and the Indians, who lay nearest to the commander's quarters, were foremost. The running was severe. The lagging Indians, and a variety of the three companies, were intermingled. Coming to the brow of the precipice, but still unseen, we perceived a boat landing, which came from a frigate lying in the stream, a mile below. The boat came ashore. A youth sprung from it: the tide ebbing, the boatswain tho't it better to obtain a deeper landing-place, nearer the mill, and drew off. Morgan, apprehensive of a discovery of our presence, fired at the boat's crew. A volley ensued without harm, probably because of the great space between us. They pulled off shore, beyond the range of our guns, leaving the midshipman to our mercy. The hapless youth, confounded, unknowing what to do, plunged into the river, hoping to regain his boat. His friends flying from him—he waded, he swam, yet could not reach the boat. At the distance, perhaps, of one hundred and fifty yards, nothing but his head above water, a shooting-match took place, and believe me, the balls of Morgan, Simpson, Humphreys, and others, played around, and within a few inches of his head. Even after a lapse of thirty years, it gives me pain to recollect that my gun

was discharged at him. Such, however, was the savage ferocity engendered in those ungracious times, by a devolution of the ministry of the mother country from the true line of conduct towards her colonies.

M'Kensie, (the name of the young man,) seeing that his boat's crew had deserted him, showed a desire to surrender, by approaching the shore. The firing ceased. But a still more disgusting occurrence than the preceding, followed. The *lad*, coming towards the shore, evidently intending to submit, Sabatis, the Indian, the brother of Natanis, sprung forward, scalping knife in hand, seemingly intending to end the strife at a single blow. The humanity of Morgan and Humphreys, towards a succumbent foe, was excited. One or the other of them, it is not now recollected which in particular, by his agility and amazing powers of body, was enabled to precede the Indian by several yards. This contest of athleticism was observed from the shore, where we were, with great interest. Morgan brought the boy, (for he was really such,) to land, and afterwards esteemed him, for he merited the good-will of a hero. Wet and hungry, we returned to quarters. Running along the shore with our prey, the Hunter sloop of war, having warped up for that purpose, pelted us all the way with ball and grape shot. It was no easy matter to ascend the bank, which was steep and craggy. Our prisoner was prudently loquacious, and very genteel. He had left the sloop, of which he was a midshipman, upon command, to procure spars and oars which were in the mill. He had ordered off the boat to procure a better landing, when our imprudent fire drove his people from him. He was the brother of Captain M'Kensie of the Pearl frigate. In 1777, the young M'Kensie was again taken. I saw him

at Lancaster, (Pennsylvania,) active, lively, and facetious as ever. During our stay at Point Levi, Colonel Arnold was busily engaged. Being now discovered, it became us to pass the St. Lawrence as soon as possible. The main difficulty consisted in the procurement of boats or canoes. Those kinds of craft on this part of the river, had previously to our arrival, been secured by the vigilance of government, which it is likely had some intimation of an inroad in the direction we came. Twenty-five canoes, chiefly of birch bark, were with difficulty procured. The command of these was conferred upon Lieutenant Steele, who selected the steersmen, of whom it came to me to be one. The passage, if practicable, must be made in the night, and that in the most silent manner, at a time the tide served.

Between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock, on the night of the 13th of November, the troops paraded on the beach, near the mill before mentioned, without noise or bustle. One cargo was despatched—then a second: upon making the traverse a third time, an accident happened to my friend Steele, which you can scarcely credit. Being at a considerable distance behind with his canoe, I could not, at its occurring, observe the transaction, nor share in the danger, though my life would have been willingly risked for his, and yet the relation of this fact is most unquestionably true. These frequent asseverations may appear somewhat awkward, and to blur the detail of our story; but our sufferings were so extraordinary in their kinds, and so aggravated by the nature of the severe services we underwent, that now-a-days it will require a faith almost approaching to credulity, to convince the mind of their truth. Steele steered a birch bark canoe; the weight, and it is likely the awkwardness of the men, when about in the

middle of the river, (which at this place is full two miles wide,) burst the canoe. The men who were in it, swam to, or were taken up by the canoes nearest to them. It was otherwise with Steele. He was the last to get to a canoe under the management of the worthy Wheeler; but it was full of men. There could be no admittance. The steersman advised, and Steele was compelled from necessity, to throw his arms over the stern—Wheeler, seating himself upon them, so as to hold them securely, for it was a bleak and numbing night. Thus, in this manner was this worthy and adventurous officer floated to the shore at Wolfe's cove. Here there was an uninhabited house. A fire had been lighted in it by some of our people who first landed. It became a pole-star to us in the rear—we steered for it. Landing about half an hour after Steele, we found him at the fire, seemingly chilled to the heart; but he was a man not to be dispirited by slight matters. Friction soon restored him to his usual animation. The moon, now about three o'clock, shone brightly, and the tide run out rapidly, so that the passing of the rest of the troops, about one hundred and fifty in number, this night, was given up. This circumstance, of the absence of so large a part of our force, was known to but few. They joined us on the following night. It had been the intention of our chief to storm the town this night; but the deficiency of our scaling ladders, many of which had been left beyond the river, now repressed that design.

November 14th.—The troops easily ascended the hill, by a good road cut in it slantingly. This was not the case in 1759, when the immortal Wolfe mounted here. It was then a steep declivity, enfiladed by a host of savages, but was surmounted by the eager and gallant spirits of our nation.

[A favorable opportunity here presenting itself for a digression from Mr Henry's personal Narrative, it is embraced to give an account of the landing of the British troops, their occupation of the Heights of Abraham, and the subsequent "Battle of Quebec," which events took place September 12 and 13, 1759, only 16 years previous to the period arrived at in this Narrative; and their details are copied from "*Hume's History of England—continued by Smollett.*"—EDITOR.]

The historian says, "The troops and artillery were landed at Point Levi: they afterwards passed up the river in transports; while admiral Holmes made a movement with his ships, to amuse the enemy posted on the north shore: and the men being much crowded on board, the General ordered one-half of them to be landed for refreshment on the other side of the river. As no possibility appeared of annoying the enemy above the town, the scheme of operations was totally changed. A plan was formed for conveying the troops farther down in boats, and landing them within a league of Cape Diamond, in hopes of ascending the heights of Abraham, which rise abruptly with a steep ascent from the banks of the river, that they might take possession of the ground on the back of the city, where it was but indifferently fortified. The dangers and difficulties attending the execution of this design were so peculiarly discouraging, that one would imagine it could not have been embraced but by a spirit of enterprize that bordered on desperation. The stream was rapid; the shore shelving; the bank of the river lined with sentinels; the landing-place so narrow as to be easily missed in the dark; and the ground so difficult as hardly to be surmounted in the day-time, had no opposition been expected. If the enemy had received the least intimation from spy or deserter, or even suspected the scheme; had the embarkation been disordered in consequence of the darkness of the night, the rapidity of the river, or the shelving nature of the north shore, near which they were obliged to row; had one sentinel been alarmed, or the landing place much mistaken;

the heights of Abraham must have been instantly secured by such a force as would have rendered the undertaking abortive; confusion would necessarily have ensued in the dark; and this would have naturally produced a panic, which might have proved fatal to the greater part of the detachment. These objections could not escape the penetration of the gallant Wolfe, who nevertheless adopted the plan without hesitation, and even executed it in person; though at that time laboring under a severe dysentery and fever, which had exhausted his constitution, and reduced him almost to an extremity of weakness. The previous steps being taken, and the time fixed for this hazardous attempt, admiral Holmes moved with his squadron farther up the river, about three leagues above the place appointed for the disembarkation, that he might deceive the enemy, and amuse M. de Bougainville, whom Montcalm had detached with fifteen hundred men to watch the motions of that squadron: but the English admiral was directed to sail down the river in the night, so as to protect the landing of the forces; and these orders he punctually fulfilled. On the twelfth day of September, an hour after midnight, the first embarkation, consisting of four complete regiments, the light infantry commanded by Colonel Howe, a detachment of Highlanders, and the American grenadiers, was made in flat-bottomed boats, under the immediate command of the brigadiers Monckton and Murray; though General Wolfe accompanied them in person, and was among the first who landed; and they began to fall down with the tide, to the intended place of disembarkation: rowing close to the north shore, in order to find it the more easily. Without any disorder the boats glided gently along, but by the rapidity of the tide, and the darkness of the night, the boats overshot the mark, and the troops landed a little below the place at which the disembarkation was intended. As the troops landed, the boats were sent back for the second embarka-

tion, which was superintended by brigadier Townshend In the mean time, Colonel Howe, with the light infantry and the Highlanders, ascended the woody precipice with admirable courage and activity, and dislodged a serjeant's guard, which defended a small intrenched narrow path, by which alone the rest of the forces could reach the summit. Then they mounted without further molestation from the enemy, and the General drew them up in order as they arrived. Monsieur de Montcalm no sooner understood that the English had gained the heights of Abraham, which in a manner commanded the town on its weakest part, than he resolved to hazard a battle; and began his march without delay, after having collected his whole force from the side of Beauport.

General Wolfe, perceiving the enemy crossing the river St. Charles, began to form his own line, which consisted of six battalions, and the Louisbourg grenadiers; the right commanded by brigadier Monckton, and the left by brigadier Murray: to the rear of the left, Colonel Howe was posted with his light infantry, just returned from a four-gun battery, which they had taken without opposition. M de Montcalm advancing in such a manner as to show his intention was to flank the left of the English, brigadier Townshend was sent thither with the regiment of Amherst, which he formed *en potence*, presenting a double front to the enemy; he was afterwards reinforced by two battalions; and the reserve consisted of one regiment drawn up in eight subdivisions, with large intervals. The right of the enemy was compos d of half the colony troops, two battalions, and a body of Canadians and savages: their centre consisted of a column formed by two other regular battalions; and on the left one battalion, with the remainder of the colony troops, was posted: the bushes and corn-fields in their front were lined with fifteen hundred of their best marksmen, who kept up an irregular galling fire, which proved fatal to many brave

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[Battle of Quebec, between Wolf and Montcalm, Sept. 13, 1759.]

officers, thus singled out for destruction. This fire, indeed, was in some measure checked by the advanced posts of the British line, who piqueered with the enemy for some hours before the battle began. Both armies were destitute of artillery except two small pieces on the side of the French, and a single gun which the English seamen made shift to draw up from the landing-place. This was very well served, and galled their column severely. At length, about nine in the morning, the enemy advanced to the charge with great order and vivacity, though their fire was irregular and ineffectual. On the contrary, the British forces reserved their shot until the French had approached within forty yards of their line: then they poured in a terrible discharge; and continued the fire with such deliberation and spirit, as could not fail to produce a very considerable effect. General Wolfe was stationed on the right, at the head of Bragg's regiment and the Louisbourg grenadiers, where the attack was most warm. As he stood conspicuous in the front of the line, he had been aimed at by the enemy's marksmen, and received a shot in the wrist, which however did not oblige him to quit the field. Having wrapped a handkerchief around his hand, he continued giving orders without the least emotion; and advanced at the head of the grenadiers with their bayonets fixed, when another ball unfortunately pierced the breast of this young hero, who fell in the arms of victory, just as the enemy gave way. At this very instant, every separate regiment of the British army seemed to exert itself for the honor of its own peculiar character. While the right pressed on with their bayonets, brigadier Murray briskly advanced with the troops under his command, and soon broke the centre of the enemy; then the Highlanders, drawing their broadswords, fell in among them with irresistible impetuosity, and drove them with great slaughter into the town, and the works they had raised at the bridge of the river St. Charles. On the left and rear

of the English, the action was not so violent. Some of the light infantry had thrown themselves into houses; where, being attacked, they defended themselves with great courage and resolution. Colonel Howe having taken post with two companies behind a small copse, sallied out frequently on the flanks of the enemy, during this attack, and often drove them into heaps; while brigadier Townshend advanced platoons against their front; so that the right wing of the French were totally prevented from executing their first intention. The brigadier himself remained with Amherst's regiment, to support this dispostion, and to overawe a body of savages posted opposite to the light infantry, waiting for an opportunity to fall upon the rear of the British army. General Wolfe being slain, and at the same time Mr. Monckton being dangerously wounded at the head of Lascelles' regiment, where he distinguished himself with remarkable gallantry, the command devolved on brigadier Townshend, who hastened to the centre; and finding the troops disordered in the pursuit, formed them again with all possible expedition. This necessary task was scarce performed, when M de Bougainville, with a body of two thousand fresh men, appeared in the rear of the English. He had begun his march from Cape Rouge as soon as he received intelligence that the British troops had gained the heights of Abraham, but did not come up in time to have any share in the battle. Mr Townshend immediately ordered two battalions, with two pieces of artillery, to advance against this officer; who retired, at their approach, among woods and swamps, where General Townshend very wisely declined hazarding a precarious attack. He had already obtained a complete victory, taken a great number of French officers, and was possessed of a very advantageous situation, which it would have been imprudent to forego. The French General, M. de Montcalm, was mortally wounded in the battle, and conveyed into Quebec; from whence,

before he died, he wrote a letter to General Townshend, recommending the prisoners to that generous humanity by which the British nation is distinguished. His second in command was left wounded on the field; and next day expired on board an English ship, to which he had been conveyed. About one thousand of the enemy were made prisoners, including a great number of officers; and about five hundred were slain on the field of battle. The wreck of their army, after they had reinforced the garrison of Quebec, retired to Point-au-Tremble; from whence they proceeded to Jacques Quatiers, where they remained intrenched until they were compelled by the severity of the weather to make the best of their way to Trois Rivieres and Montreal. This important victory was obtained at the expense of fifty men killed, including nine officers: but the death of General Wolfe was a national loss, universally lamented. He inherited from nature an animating fervor of sentiment, an intuitive perception, an extensive capacity, and a passion for glory, which stimulated him to acquire every species of military knowledge that study could comprehend, that actual service could illustrate and confirm. This noble warmth of disposition seldom fails to call forth and unfold the liberal virtues of the soul. Brave above all estimation of danger, he was also generous, gentle, complacent, and humane; the pattern of the officer, the darling of the soldier; there was a sublimity in his genius which soared above the pitch of ordinary minds; and had his faculties been exercised to their full extent by opportunity and action, had his judgment been fully matured by age and experience, he would without doubt have rivalled in reputation the most celebrated captains of antiquity.

Immediately after the battle of Quebec, Admiral Saunders, who, together with his subordinates Durrel and Holmes, had all along co-operated heartily with the land forces for the advantage of the service, sent up all

the boats of the fleet with artillery and ammunition: and on the seventeenth day of the month sailed up, with all the ships of war, in a disposition to attack the lower town, while the upper part should be assaulted by General Townshend. This gentleman had employed the time from the day of action in securing the camp with redoubts, in forming a military road for the cannon, in drawing up the artillery, preparing batteries, and cutting off the enemy's communication with the country. On the seventeenth, before any battery could be finished, a flag of truce was sent from the town with proposals of capitulation; which, being maturely considered by the General and Admiral, were accepted, and signed at eight next morning. They granted the more favorable terms, as the enemy continued to assemble in the rear of the British army; as the season was become wet, stormy, and cold, threatening the troops with sickness, and the fleet with accident, and as a considerable advantage would result from taking possession of the town while the walls were in a state of defence. What rendered the capitulation still more fortunate for the British General, was the information he afterwards received from deserters, that the enemy had rallied, and were reinforced behind Cape Rogue, under the command of M. de Levy, arrived from Montreal for that purpose, with two regular battalions; and that M. de Bougainville, at the head of eight hundred men, with a convoy of provisions, was actually on his march to throw himself into the town on the eighteenth, that very morning on which it was surrendered. The place was not then completely invested, as the enemy had broke the bridge of boats, and posted detachments in very strong works on the other side of the river St. Charles. The capitulation was no sooner ratified, than the British forces took possession of Quebec on the land side; and guards were posted in different parts of the town, to preserve order and discipline; at the same time Captain Palliser, with a body of seamen, entered

the lower town, and took the same precautions. Next day about a thousand prisoners were embarked on board transports, which proceeded to France with the first opportunity. Meanwhile the inhabitants of the country came in great numbers to deliver up their arms, and take the oath of fidelity to the English government. The death of Montcalm, which was indeed an irreparable loss to France, in all probability overwhelmed the enemy with consternation, and confounded all their councils; otherwise we cannot account for the tame surrender of Quebec to a handful of troops, even after the victory they had obtained: for although the place was not regularly fortified on the land side, and most of the houses were in ruins, their walls and parapets had not yet sustained the least damage; the besiegers were hardly sufficient to complete the investiture; a fresh army was assembled in the neighborhood, with which their communication continued open; the season was so far advanced that the British forces in a little time must have been forced to desist by the severity of the weather, and even retire with their fleet before the approach of winter, which never fails to freeze up the river St. Lawrence."

[*Mr. Henry's Narrative resumed.*]

November 15th. Arriving on the brow of the precipice, we found ourselves on the plains of Abraham, so deservedly famous in story. The morning was cold, and we were thinly clad. While an adventurous party despatched by Arnold, under the command of one of Morgan's Lieutenants, were examining the walls of the city, we were pacing the plains to-and-fro, in silence, to keep ourselves warm. The winter had set in—a cold northwester blew with uncommon keenness. By the time the reconnoitering party returned, daylight was not very distant. The party found every thing towards the city in a state of perfect quietness. This report was delivered, in my

hearing, to Morgan, however the world may have since been made to believe. Not even the cry of "All's well" was uttered, was a part of their report; yet we heard that cry from the walls, even where we were: but this, in a direct line, was nearer to us than the voices opposite to the party. This was the happy moment; but with our small and disjointed force, what could be done? There was scarcely more than three hundred and fifty men, willing and determined to be sure, but too few to assail a fortress like Quebec. If that had been known this night which was evidenced in a few days by the fugitives from the city, Arnold would most assuredly have hazarded an attack. St. John's gate, which opens on Abraham's plains, and is a most important station, was unbarred, nay, unclosed: nothing but a single cannon under the care of a drowsy watch, was there as a defence; we were not a mile distant, and might have entered unknown, and even unseen. These are uncertain opinions, resting on the vague reports of the moment, which might have been true or untrue. My memory is, however, fresh in the recollection of the heart-burnings this failure caused among us. Providence, for wise purposes, would have it otherwise. Near daylight, requiring rest and refreshment, the troops moved a mile, to a farm-house of Lieutenant Governor Caldwell. This was a great pile of wooden buildings, with numerous out-houses, which testified the agricultural spirit and taste of the owner. He, good soul, was then snug in Quebec. Those who came first fared well, and as luck would have it, we were of the number: every thing within and without the house, became a prey. Adversity had destroyed in our minds every decorous or delicate sensation. Guards were stationed next the city. Wrapped in my blanket, fearless of events, casting my

person on the floor of an elegant parlor, I slept sweetly and soundly till two in the afternoon, and then was roused solely by a cry that the enemy was advancing. We flew to arms, and rather in a hurried manner, ran towards the city, which was nearly two miles from us. We saw no enemy. It turned out that a Mr. Ogden, a cadet from Jersey, a large and handsome young man, in favor with Arnold, had been authorized to place the sentinels that day. He did place them, most stupidly. George Merchant, of Morgan's, a man who would at any time, give him fair-play, have sold his life dearly, he stationed in a thicket, within view of the enemy. At the time of placing him, when at his post, he was out of sight of the garrison; but the mischief was, (though he could not be seen,) he could see no one approach; he was taken absolutely unaware of danger. A sergeant of the "seventh," who, from the manner of the thing, must have been clever, accompanied by a few privates, slily creeping through the streets of the suburbs of St. John, and then under the cover of the bushes, sprung upon the devoted Merchant, even before he had time to cock his rifle. Merchant was a tall and handsome Virginian. In a few days, he, hunting-shirt and all, was sent to England, probably as a finished specimen of the riflemen of the colonies. The government there very liberally sent him home in the following year.

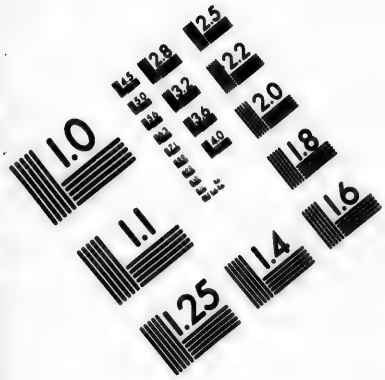
The capture of Merchant grieved us, and brought us within a few hundred yards of the city. Arnold had the boldness, you might say the audacity, or still more correctly, the folly, to draw us up in a line in front and opposite to the wall of the city. The parapet was lined by hundreds of gaping citizens and soldiers, whom our guns could not harm, because of the distance. They gave us a huzza! We return-

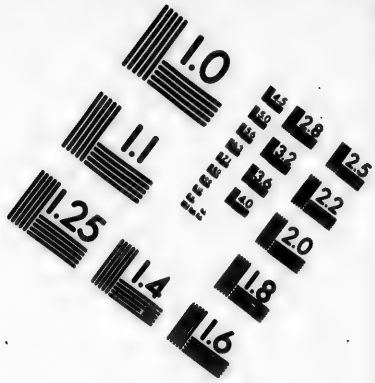
ed it, and remained a considerable time huzzaing, and spending our powder against the walls, for we harmed no one. Some of our men to the right, under cover of something like ancient ditches and hillocks, crept forward within two hundred yards of the works, but their firing was disregarded by the enemy as farcical. Febiger, who was a real and well-instructed soldier and engineer, did advance singly within a hundred paces, and pored with the eye of an adept. During all this, as my station in the line happened to be on a mound, a few feet higher than the common level of the plain, it was perceptible through the embrasures that there was a vast bustle within. After some minutes a thirty-six pounder was let loose upon us; but so ill was the gun pointed, that the ball fell short, or passed high over our heads. Another and another succeeded—to these salutes, we gave them all we could, another and another huzza. It must be confessed that this ridiculous affair gave me a contemptible opinion of Arnold. This notion was by no means singular. Morgan, Febiger, and other officers, who had seen service, did not hesitate to speak of it in that point of view. However, Arnold had a vain desire to gratify, of which we were then ignorant. He was well known at Quebec. Formerly he had traded from this port to the West Indies, most particularly in the article of horses.—Hence he was despised by the principal people. The epithet of "Horse-jockey," was freely and universally bestowed upon him by the British. Having now obtained power, he became anxious to display it in the faces of those who had formerly despised and contemned him. The venerable Carleton, an Irishman of a most amiable and mild character, Colonel Maclean, a Scotchman, old in warfare, would not, in any shape, communicate with him. If Montgomery

had originally been our commander, matters might have been more civilly conducted. This particularity in relating a most trivial and disgusting occurrence, arises from a desire to set before you a cautionary rule, which it will be prudent for you to observe in your historical reading. "Do not believe "an author unless the story he relates be probable, "accompanied by such circumstances as might rea- "sonably attend the transaction, unless he is corrob- "orated by others who speak on that subject." Many of our wisest men within the colonies wrote and spoke of this bravading as a matter of moment, and with much applause. Some of our historians, (Gordon,) have given it celebrity. But a more silly and boastful British historian, (Amwell,) says there was a dreadful cannonade, by which many of the rebels were destroyed. The truth is, that this day not a drop of blood was shed but that of Governor Caldwell's horned cattle, hogs, and poultry, which run plentifully. After this victory in huzzaing, which was boy's play, and suited me to a hair, we returned to quarters to partake of the good things of this world.

The next day, (Nov. 15th,) a scene of a different kind opened, which let us into the true character of Arnold. In the wilderness the men had been stinted to a pint of flour by the day. This scanty allowance of flour had been continued since we had come into this plentiful country. Morgan, Hendricks, and Smith, waited upon the commander-in-chief, to represent the grievance and obtain redress. Altercation and warm language took place. Smith, with his usual loquacity, told us that Morgan seemed at one time on the point of striking Arnold. We fared the better for this interview.

On the following day, (Nov. 16th,) the rifle-com-

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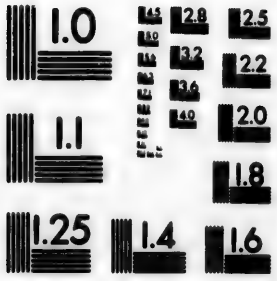


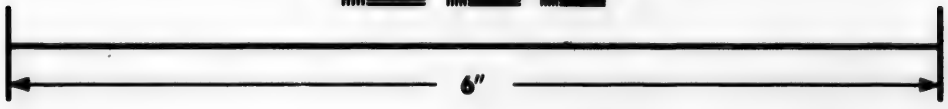

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panies removed further from the city. About half a mile from Caldwell's house our company obtained excellent quarters, in the house of a French gentleman, who seemed wealthy. He was pleasing in his manners, but the rudeness our ungovernable men exhibited, created in him an apparent disgust towards us. Here we remained near a week. During that time, we had constant and severe duty to perform. There was a large building on the low grounds, near the river St. Charles, which was occupied as a nunnery, by a most respectable society of ladies. In front of this house, at the distance of fifty yards, there was a spacious log building, which seemed to be a school-house, occupied by the priesthood attendant on the nunnery. This house we took possession of as a guard-house, under an idea, (as it stood directly between the town and the nunnery, which contained some precious deposites, that they had not had time to remove,) that the enemy would not fire in this direction. The conjecture was just.

Nov. 16th.—In the afternoon a distressing occurrence took place here, notwithstanding our vicinity to this holy place. Towards the evening the guard was relieved. Lieutenant Simpson commanded it. This guard was composed of two-and-twenty fine fellows of our company. When the relief-guard came, a Frenchman, of a most villainous appearance, both as to person and visage, came to our Lieutenant with a written order from Colonel Arnold, commanding him to accompany the bearer, who would be our guide across the river St. Charles, to obtain some cattle feeding beyond it, on the account of government. The order, in the first instance, because of its preposterousness, was doubted, but, upon a little reflection, obeyed. Knowing the danger, our worthy Lieutenant also knew the best and only means of executing

the enterprize. The call "come on, lads," was uttered. We ran with speed from the guard-house some hundreds of yards over the plain to the mouth of the St. Charles, where the ferry is. Near the ferry there was a large wind-mill, and near it stood a small house resembling a cooper's shop. Two carts of a large size were passing the ferry heavily laden with the household-stuff, women, and children of the townsmen flying from the suburbs of St. Roque, contiguous to palace-gate, to avoid the terrible and fatal effects of war. The carts were already in a large scow or flat-bottomed boat, and the ferrymen, seeing us coming, were tugging hard at the ferry-rope to get off the boat, which was aground, before we should arrive. It was no small matter, in exertion, to outdo people of our agility. Simpson, with his usual good humor, urged the race, from a hope that the garrison would not fire upon us when in the boat with their flying townsmen. The weight of our bodies and arms put the boat aground in good earnest.—Simpson vociferously urging the men to free the boat, directed them to place their guns in my arms, standing on the bow. He ordered me to watch the flashes of the cannon* of the city, near palace gate.—Jumping into the water mid-deep, all but Serjeant Dixon and myself, they were pushing, pulling, and with handspikes attempting to float the scow. One of the carts stood between Dixon and myself—he was tugging at the ferry rope. Presently "a shot," was called; it went wide of the boat, its mark. The exertions of the party were redoubled. Keeping an eye upon the town, the sun about setting in a clear

*This was a ridiculous practice, universally adopted in the camp near Boston, and was now pursued at this place. It is merely designative of the raw soldier. Such indications of fear should now-a-days be severely reprimanded.

sky, the view was beautiful indeed, but somewhat terrific. Battlements like these had been unknown to me. Our boat lay like a rock in the water, and was a target at point blank shot about three-fourths of a mile from palace gate, which issues into Saint Roque. I would have adored all the saints in the calendar if honor and their worships would have permitted the transportation of my person a few perches from the spot where it then stood, by the austere command of duty. It was plainly observable that many persons were engaged in preparing the guns for another discharge. Our brave men were straining every nerve to obtain success. "A shot," was all that could be said, when a thirty-six pound ball, touching the lower edge of the nob of the cart-wheel, descending a little, took the leg of my patriotic friend below the knee, and carried away the bones of that part entirely. "Oh! Simpson," he cried, "I am gone." Simpson, whose heart was tender and kind, leaped into the boat: calling to the men, the person of Dixon was borne to the wind-mill. Now a roar of triumph was heard from the city, accompanied by some tolerably well directed shots. The unfortunate man was borne at a slow and solemn pace to the guard-house—the enemy every now and then sending us his majesty's compliments, in the shape of a 24 or 36 pound ball. When the procession came into a line with the town, the guard-house, and nunnery, the firing ceased. At the time we were most busily engaged with Dixon, at the wind-mill, the vile Frenchman, aghast and horror-stricken, fled from us to the city. If his desertion had been noticed in time, his fate had been sealed; but the rascal was unobserved till he had run several hundred yards along the beach of the bay of St. Charles. He turned out to be a spy, purposely sent by government to decoy and

entrap us, and he succeeded but too easily with the vigilant Arnold. Dixon was now carried on a litter to the house of an English gentleman, about a mile off. An amputation took place—a tetanus followed, which, about nine o'clock of the ensuing day, ended in the dissolution of this honorable citizen and soldier. There are many reasons for detailing this affair so minutely to you. Among these are, to impress upon your minds an idea of the manners and spirit of those times: our means and rude method of warfare; but more particularly for the purpose of introducing to your observation an anecdote of Dixon, which is characteristic of the ideas and feelings then entertained by the generality of his countrymen. Before we left our native homes, tea had, as it were, become an abomination even to the ladies. The taxation of it by the Parliament of England, with design to draw from us a trifling revenue, was made the pretence with the great body of the people, for our opposition to government. The true ground, however, with the politically wise, was, that that law annihilated our rights as Englishmen. It is an axiom of the common law of our glorious ancestors, that taxation and representation must go hand in hand. This rule was now violated. Hence it was, that no male or female, knowing their rights, if possessed of the least spark of patriotism, would deign to taste of that delightful beverage. The lady of the house, though not one who approved of our principles of action, was very attentive to our wounded companion; she presented him a bowl of tea: "No, madam," said he, "it is the ruin of my country."

Uttering this noble sentiment, (Nov. 17th,) this invaluable citizen died, sincerely lamented by every one who had the opportunity of knowing his virtues. Dixon was a gentleman of good property and edu-

cation, though no more than the first sergeant of our company. His estate lay in West Hanover township, in the county of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. He was an agriculturist, which, in the vagueness and uncertainty of our language, is called "a farmer." In fact he was a freeholder, the possessor of an excellent tract of land, accompanied by all those agreeables which render the cultivator of the earth, in Pennsylvania, the most independent, and, with prudent economy, the most happy of human beings. The following morning, Simpson was the first to give me an account of Dixon's death, which affected us much. His corpse received the usual military honors. Duty compelled my absence elsewhere. The blood of Dixon was the first oblation made upon the altar of liberty at Quebec, and Merchant was the first prisoner. The latter was a brave and determined soldier, fitted for subordinate station; the former was intuitively a captain. The city and vicinity occupied the attention of the commander nearly a week

Nov. 18th.—Not being fully in the secret, it does not become me to recount the causes of our retreat to Point aux Tremble. We did, however, make this retrograde movement rather in a slovenly style, accompanied, probably, by the maledictions of the clergy and nobility, but attended by the regrets of a host of well-wishers among the peasantry. Point aux Tremble is at the distance of twenty, or more, miles from Quebec. The route thither, though in a severe winter, was interesting. The woods were leafless, except as to those trees of the fir-kind; but numerous neat and handsomely-situated farm-houses, and many beautiful landscapes were presented, and enlivened our march along this majestic stream. At Detroit, which is supposed to be little short of nine

hundred miles from Quebec, even there it is no contemptible river; but here the immense volume of its waters, strikes the mind of the stranger with astonishment and rapture. Our Susquehanna, which, from its grandeur, attracts the European eye, stands in a low grade when compared with the St. Lawrence. Ascending the river, at a distance of ten or fifteen miles we observed the rapid passage, down stream, of a boat, and soon afterwards of a ship, one or the other of which contained the person of Sir Guy Carleton. That it was the Governor of the province, flying from Montgomery, who had by this time captured Montreal, we were informed by a special kind of messenger, which was no other than the report of the cannon, by way of *feu-de-joie*, upon his arrival at the capital. Water, in regard to the communication of sound, is nearly as good a conductor as metals are, for the transmission of the electric fluid. Though near to the place of our destination, we could mark with precision the report of every gun. Point aux Tremble, at this time, had assumed the appearance of a straggling village. There was a spacious chapel, where the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion were performed with a pomp not seen in our churches, but by a fervency and zeal apparently very pious, which became a severe and additional stroke at early prejudices. Quarters were obtained in the village and farm houses, dispersed over a space of some miles, up and down the river. We enjoyed as much comfort as tight houses, warm fires, and our scantiness of clothing would admit. Provisions were in plenty, particularly beef, which, though small in bulk, was of an excellent flavor. Being in a few days domesticated, as it were, in a respectable farmer's house, we had leisure to observe the economy of the family. Every crevice through

which cold air could penetrate, was carefully pasted with strips of paper of every color. To permit the cold air to intrude is not the only evil which results; but the smallest interstice admits with the air an almost impalpable snow, which is very inconvenient, particularly at night, when the winds blow most sharply. A stove of iron stood a small space from the wall of the kitchen chimney, but in such a way that it might be encompassed by the family or guests. This stove was kept continually hot, both by day and by night. Over the stove there is a rack so constructed as to serve for the drying of wet clothes, moccasins, &c. &c. When these people slaughter their beasts for winter use, they cut up the meat into small pieces, such as a half pound, two pounds, &c. according to the number in the family. In the evening before bedtime, the females of the house prepare the dinner of the following day. It may be particularly described, as it was done in our view for a number of days together, and during the time was never varied. This was the manner: a piece of pork or beef, or a portion of each kind, together with a sufficiency of cabbage, potatoes, and turnips, seasoned with salt, and an adequate quantity of water, were put into a neat tin kettle with a close lid. The kettle, thus replenished, was placed on the stove in the room where we all slept, and there it simmered till the time of rising, when it was taken to a small fire in the kitchen, where a stewing continued till near noon, when they dined. The contents were turned into a large basin. Each person had a plate; no knife was used, except one to cut the bread, but a five or six pronged fork answered the purposes of a spoon. The meat required no cutting, as it was reduced to a mucilage, or at least to shreds. This, you may say, is trifling information, and unworthy

of your notice; but according to my mind, it is important to all of us, to know the habits, manners, and means of existence of that class of society, which in all nations, compose the bulk and strength of the body politic. Our dinner followed in a few hours. The manner of our cookery excited astonishment in our hosts. As much beef was consumed at a single meal, as would have served this family for a week. Remember, however, that the mess consisted of persons who were entitled to double and treble rations. Two rosy cheeked daughters of the house, soon contrived the means and obtained the surplus. This circumstance most probably made us agreeable to the family, for we had nothing else to bestow.

The snow had now fallen in abundance, and enlivened the country. Sleighs and sleds were passing in every direction. The farmers began to supply themselves with a full stock of winter's fuel from the forest. No fowls were visible about the house; a few were kept alive for breeding in the ensuing summer, in a close and warm coop in the upper story of the barn. The rest of the fowls, intended for the market or winter's use, had been slaughtered early in autumn, at the setting in of the frost, and were hung up in the feathers in the garret. Thence they were taken as wanted. Towards March they become unsavory, but in no way tainted. We became acquainted with this kind of economy, but upon a much larger scale afterwards, when in a state of affliction and sorrow.

The roads in this part of Canada are kept in excellent order. The corvee of European France is maintained by the Government in full effect, as to its principles, but far less rigid in its practice. The roads in low grounds were ditched on the sides and curved towards the centre. Every forty or fifty yards

on each side of the road, throughout the extent of it, young pines were stuck in the ground, to mark the central and safest passage. It is a law that the landholder, whenever a snow falls, either by day or night, when it ceases, shall, with his horses and cariole, retrace the road formed on the preceding snow, throughout the extent of his grounds. This is a laborious duty, but it was discernible that it was peformed with punctuality, if not with pleasure. In December, January, and February, when the snow lays from three to five feet deep over the surface, there is no travelling in this country, but by ways thus formed, or upon snow shoes.

On the 1st of December, General Montgomery, who was anxiously expected, arrived. Arnold's corps was paraded in front of the chapel. It was lowering and cold, but the appearance of the General here, gave us warmth and animation. He was well-limbed, tall, and handsome, though his face was much pock-marked. His air and manner designated the real soldier. He made us a short, but energetic and elegant speech, the burthen of which was, an applause of our spirit in passing the wilderness; a hope that our perseverance in the same spirit would continue; and a promise of warm clothing. The latter was a most comfortable assurance. A few huzzas from our freezing bodies were returned to this address of the gallant hero. Now new life was infused into the whole of the corps.

The next day (December 2,) we retraced the route from Quebec. A snow had fallen during the night, and continued falling. To march on this snow was a most fatiguing business. By this time we had generally furnished ourselves with seal-skin moccasins, which are large, and according to the usage of the country, stuffed with hay or leaves, to keep the feet

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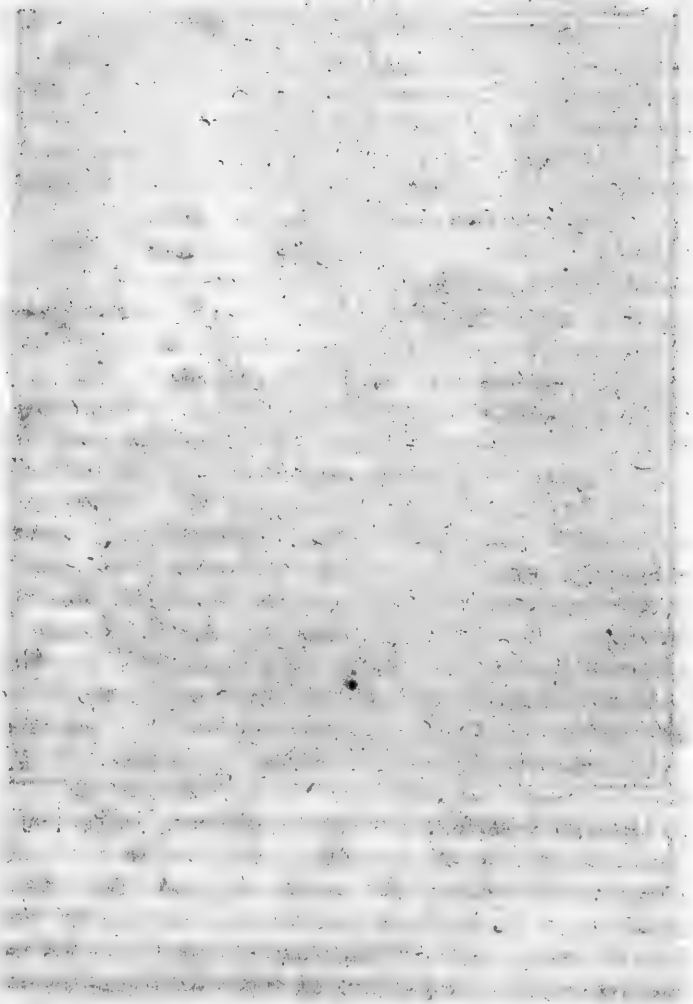
[General Montgomery reviewing and addressing the Troops.]



dry and warm. Every step taken in the dry snow, the moccasin having no raised heel to support the position of the foot, it slipped back and produced great weariness. On this march the use of the snow-shoe was very obvious, but we were destitute of that article. The evening brought up the riflemen at an extensive house in the parish of St. Foix, about three miles from Quebec. It was inhabited by tenants. We took possession of a front parlor on the left, Morgan upon the right, Hendricks a back apartment, and the soldiery in the upper parts of the house, and some warm outbuildings.

The next day, (December 3d,) Morgan not finding himself comfortable, moved a short space nearer to the city. Here, in low and pretty country houses, he and his men were neatly accommodated. It seemed to me that the Canadians in the vicinage of Quebec lived quite as comfortably as the generality of the Pennsylvanians did at that time in the county of Lancaster. It may readily occur to you that some restriction ought to cramp this latitude of expression: take it, however, as a description of our sensations, entertained in our minds by the conveniences we now enjoyed, in opposition to our late privations. We had just arrived from a dreary and inhospitable wild, half-starved and thinly clothed, in a land of plenty, where we had full rations and warm quarters; consequently our present feelings, contrasted with former sufferings, might have appreciated in too high a degree the happiness of the Canadian.—What is now said, ought not to be taken in anywise as an allusion to the political rights, but be confined solely to the apparent prosperity and economy of families.

December 12th. We remained about ten days at these quarters. The tours of duty, to Arnold's par-

ty, were peculiarly severe. The officers and men still wore nothing else than the remains of the summer clothing, which, being on their backs, had escaped destruction in the disasters of the wilderness. The snow lay three feet deep over the face of the whole country, and there was an addition to it almost daily. Many impediments occurred to delay the transportation of the clothing which Gen. Montgomery had procured for us at Montreal. Our miserable state, contrary to our principles, excited an illicit desire to be apparelled more comfortably. This desire would probably have lain dormant, but for a scoundrel Canadian, who in all likelihood was an enemy of Lieutenant Governor Cromie. One morning, having returned from a cold night's duty near palace gate, the fellow addressed Simpson, who was the only officer in quarters, and communicated the information, "That about two miles up the St. Lawrence, lay a country seat of Governor Cromie, stocked with many things we wanted, and he would be our guide." Carioles were immediately procured. The house, a neat box, was romantic. lly situated on the steep bank of the river, not very distant from a chapel. Though in the midst of winter, the spot displayed the elegant taste and abundant wealth of the owner. It must be a most delightful summer residence, in the months of July and August, when the heat of this northern climate seems greater to sensation than that of our country in the same season. The house was closed; knocking, the hall door was opened to us by an Irishwoman, who, of the fair sex, was the largest and most brawny that ever came under my notice. She was the stewardess of the house. Our questions were answered with an apparent affability and frankness. She introduced us into the kitchen, a large apartment, well-fill-

ed with those articles which good livers think necessary to the happy enjoyment of life. Here we observed five or six Canadian servants huddled into a corner of the kitchen, trembling with fear. Our prying eyes soon discovered a trap-door leading into the cellar. In the country houses of Canada, because of the frigidity of the climate, the cellars are usually under a warm room, and are principally intended for the preservation of vegetables. The cavity in this instance abounded with a great variety of eatables, of which we were not in the immediate want. The men entered it—firkin after firkin of butter, lard, tallow, beef, pork, fresh and salt—all became a prey. While the men were rummaging below, the Lieutenant descended to cause more despatch. My duty was to remain at the end of the trap-door, with my back to the wall, and rifle cocked as a sentry, keeping a strict eye on the servants. My good Irishwoman frequently beckoned to me to descend: her drift was to catch us all in the trap. Luckily she was comprehended. The cellar and kitchen being thoroughly rifled, and the spoil borne to the sleighs, the party dispersed into the other apartments. Here was elegance. The walls and partitions were beautifully papered, and decorated with large engravings, maps, &c. &c. of the most celebrated artists. A noble view of the city of Philadelphia, upon a large scale, taken from the neighborhood of Cooper's ferry, drew my attention, and raised some compunctive ideas; but war and the sciences always stand at arms length in the contests of mankind. The latter must succumb in the tumult. Our attention was much more attracted by the costly feather beds, counterpanes, and charming rose-blankets, which the house afforded. Of these there was good store, and we left not a jot behind us. The nooks and crevi-

ces in the carioles were filled with smaller articles; several dozen of admirably finished case-knives and forks—even a sett of desert knives obtained the notice of our cupidity. Articles of lesser moment, not a thousandth part as useful, did not escape the all-grasping hands of the soldiery. In a back apartment there stood a mahogany couch or settee, in a highly finished style. The woodwork of the couch was raised on all sides by cushioning, and lastly, covered by a richly figured silk. This, to us, was lumber, besides our carioles were full. However, we grabbed the matrass and pallets, all equally elegant as the couch. Having, as we thought, divested his Excellency of all the articles of prime necessity, we departed, ostensibly and even audibly accompanied by the pious blessings of the stewardess for our moderation. No doubt she had her mental reservations; on such business as this, we regarded neither. Near the chapel, we met a party of Morgan's men coming to do that which we had already done. The officer seemed chagrined when he saw the extent of our plunder. He went on, and finally ransacked the house, and yet a little more, the stables. The joy of our men, among whom the plunder was distributed in nearly equal portions, was extravagant. Now an operation of the human mind, which often takes place in society, and is every day discernible by persons of observation, became clearly obvious. "Let a man once with impunity desert the strict rule of right, all subsequent aggression is not only increased in atrocity, but is done without qualm of conscience." Though our company was composed principally of freeholders, or the sons of such, bred at home under the strictures of religion and morality, yet when the reins of decorum were loosed, and the honorable feeling weakened, it became impossible to administer re-

straint. The person of a tory, or his property, became fair game, and this at the denunciation of some base domestic villain.

On the morning following, (Dec. 13th,) the same audacious scoundrel again returned. By leading to the first affair, and his intercourse with the privates, he had so wormed himself into their good graces, that nothing would do but a system of marauding upon our supposed enemies, the tories. In this new expedition, which was further than the former, the officers thought it prudent to accompany the men, in truth to keep order and repress their ardency. We arrived at a farm said to belong to Governor Cromie or some other inhabitant of Quebec. The farm-house, though low, being but one story, was capacious, and tolerably neat. The barn built of logs, with a threshing-floor in the centre, was from seventy to eighty feet in length. The tenant, his wife, and children, shuddered upon our approach. Assurances that they should be unharmed, relieved their fears. The tenant pointed out to us the horned-cattle, pigs, and poultry of his landlord. These we shot down without mercy, or drove before us to our quarters. Thus we obtained a tolerable load for our caravan, which consisted of five or six carioles.

With this disreputable exploit, marauding ceased. A returning sense of decency and order, emanating from ourselves, produced a species of contrition. It is a solemn truth, that we plundered none but those who were notoriously tories, and then within the walls of Quebec. The clergy, the nobles, and the peasantry, were respected and protected, especially the latter, with whom, to use a trite expression, we fraternized. The minuteness of this description of occurrences of a trivial, yet disgraceful nature, is made the more strongly to impress your minds with the

horrors attendant on civil wars. This species of war, more than any other, not only affects the great and the wealthy, but it intrudes itself into, and devastates the cottage. This the American people know, from the many melancholy scenes that succeeded the period spoken of.

Gracious and Almighty God! the shield and protector of the good, as well as thou art the scourge of the base and wicked nation, avert from my country this, the most terrible of thy modes of temporal vengeance.

December 15th.—In a short time the rifle companies moved and occupied good quarters on the low grounds, near St. Charles' river, and about two miles from Quebec. Our clothing was still of the flimsy kind before noted, but our hearts were light, even to merriment. Individually, from our own funds, we supplied ourselves with arm-gloves, and renewed our moccasins. This was about the middle of December. During all this time our daily duty was laborious in various ways, and every other night we mounted guard at St. Roque. A guard-house, ere this, had been established at this place, in a very large stone house, which, though strong, (being exposed to the enemy's fire,) was soon battered about our ears; the distance scarcely more than three hundred yards. That position was changed for one more secure. A house that had been a tavern was adopted in its stead. This house was peculiarly situated. It was comparatively small with the former in its dimensions, but the walls were strong, and the ceilings bomb-proof. It stood under the hill, so as to be out of the range of the shot from the ramparts contiguous to Palace-gate, which were elevated far above us. Simpson would say, "Jack, let us have a shot at those fellows." Even at noon-day we would creep along close

to the houses which ranged under the hill, but close in with it, till we came within forty yards of Palace gate. Here was a smith's shop, formed of logs, through the crevices of which we would fire, at an angle of 70, at the sentries above us. Many of them were killed, and it was said, several officers. This was dishonorable war, though authorized by the practices of those times. The distance from this guard-house to Palace-gate, may be three hundred and fifty yards. The hill, at the back of the house, seemed to make an angle of 60 or 70 degrees. This acclivity continued from the walls of the city, and around it by the lower town, (where it is greatest,) for many miles up the St. Lawrence and St. Charles, and forms the basis of Abraham's Plains. It was about that time the York artillerists, under Captain Lamb, had constructed a battery on the Plains, at the distance of 600 or 700 hundred yards from the fortress. The earth was too difficult for the intrenching tools to pierce; the only method left was to raise a battery composed of ice and snow. The snow was made into ice by the addition of water. The work was done in the night time. Five or six 9 pounders and a howitzer were placed in it. It was scarcely completed, and our guns had opened on the city, before it was pierced through and through by the weightier metal of the enemy. Several lives were lost on the first and second day. Yet the experiment was persisted in, till a single ball, piercing the battery, killed and wounded three persons. In the quarters last mentioned, we enjoyed some pleasant days. The winter in Canada, as with us, is the season of good humor and joy.

December 18th, 19th. Upon a secession from the out-post, or other military employments, we were agreeably received in the farm houses around. Our

engagements near Palace gate still continued to be of the arduous kind: our numbers being few, every second watch was performed by the same persons who had made the guard the last but one. Between the guard house and the extreme end of the suburbs of St. Roque, which may be half a mile from the ramparts, there was a rising ground in the main street, fairly in view of the enemy, and whilst we relieved in daylight, was raked, even by grape shot. Some good men were lost here. This circumstance changed the time of relief to nine o'clock in the evening. The riflemen were principally employed as guards at this dangerous station. It is but fair and honest to relate to you an anecdote concerning myself, which will convey to your minds some notion of that affection of the head or heart which the military call a panic-terror. Being one of the guard and having been relieved as a sentry about twelve or one o'clock at night, upon returning to the guard house in a dozing state, I cast myself on a bench next the back wall. Young, my sleeps were deep and heavy; my youth obtained this grace from Simpson, the officer who commanded. About three o'clock I was roused by a horrible noise. The enemy, in casting their shells, usually began in the evening, and threw but a few; towards morning they became more alert. Our station being out of sight, it was so managed as to throw the shells on the side of the hill, directly back of us, so as they would trundle down against the wall of the guard house. This had frequently occurred before, but was not minded. A thirteen-inch shell, thus thrown, came immediately opposite the place where my head lay; to be sure, the three foot wall was between us. The bursting report was tremendous, but it was heard in a profound sleep. Starting instantly, though unconscious of the cause,

and running probably fifty yards, through untrod snow, three feet deep, to a coal house, a place quite unknown to me before, it was ten or fifteen minutes before the extreme cold restored that kind of sensibility which enabled me to know my real situation. Knowing nothing of the cause, the probable effect, nor any of the consequences which might follow from this involuntary exertion, it seemed to me to be a species of the panic which has been known to affect whole armies. The circumstance here related, caused a laugh against me ; but it was soon discovered that those of the soldiery, though wide awake, were as much panic-stricken as myself. The laugh rebounded upon them. During this period we had many bitter nights. To give you some idea of a Canada winter, allow me to relate an occurrence which is literally genuine.

December 24th. One night, at the time of relief, a confidential person came from Colonel Arnold, accompanied by an Irish gentleman named Craig, directing the relieved guard to escort him to his own house, which stood between twenty and thirty paces from Palace gate. Craig was a merchant of considerable wealth, and what was more, an excellent whig. He was expelled from his habitation because of his whigism, and took refuge in Arnold's quarters. Montgomery by this time had furnished us with personal clothing suitable to the climate, but there were a thousand other things wanting for comfortable accommodation. Many of these Mr. Craig possessed, and which Arnold's luxurious cupidity desired.—Craig's house was an extensive building, three stories high, with back buildings of an equal height, running far in the rear along the foot of the hill. This last building consisted of stores, which, as well as the house, was of brick work. We came to the

back part of the house silently, and with the utmost caution. Mr. Craig, by a slight knock, brought a trusty old negro to the door, who was the sole guardian of the house. The objects of Mr. Craig were frying pans, skillets, and a great variety of other articles of ironmongery, together with cloths, flannels, linens, &c. &c. The party with Craig entered the house. As a person in whom it pleased the officers to place confidence, it became my business to watch the Palace gate. There was a clear moonlight, but it was exceedingly bleak. My place of observation was under a brick arch, over which were stores of Mr. Craig, perhaps less than eighty feet from Palace gate. My gloves being good and well lined with fur, and my moccasins of the best kind, well stuffed, unseen I continually paced the width of the arch; my companions seemed to employ too much time. Some Frenchmen, of Colonel Livingston's regiment, without our knowledge, had been below Palace gate, marauding. Repassing the house we were at, like so many emissaries from the pit, they set up a yelling and horrid din, which not only scared our party, but alarmed the garrison itself. My companions in the house, (apprehensive of a sally from Palace gate,) fled, carrying all they could. Though I heard the noise, the flight of my friends was unseen, as they emerged from the cellars. The noise and bustle created by the Canadians, attracted the attention of the enemy. Large and small shells were thrown in every direction wherever a noise was heard in St. Roque. Having on a fine white blanket coat, and turning my cap, or "bonnet rogue" inside out, the inside being white, made me, as it were, invisible in the snow. Under the arch the conversation of the sentries, as it were, almost over my head, was very distinguishable. In this cold region many reasons operate to induce

the placing two sentries at the same post—they enliven each other by conversing, and it prevents the fatal effects which follow from standing still in one position. Fifteen minutes, at this time, was the term of the sentries' standing. The time of my standing under the arch seemed to be several hours; yet honor and duty required perseverence. At length, being wearied out—going to the back door of the house and knocking—no whisper could be heard within: the old negro was soundly asleep in his bomb-proof shell. At this moment those Canadians ran past the gateway again, with their usual noisy jabber; to me, in my deserted state, it seemed a sally of the enemy. There was no outlet but by the way we came, which seemed hazardous. Running, gun in hand, into a large enclosure, which was a garden of Mr. Craig, here was a new dilemma. There was no escape but by returning to the house or climbing a palisade 20 feet high. The latter was preferred; but my rifle was left within the enclosure, as no means could be fallen upon to get it over the stockade. The guard house was soon reached. One of the sergeants kindly returned with me to assist in bringing over my gun. It was grasped with ecstacy: alas! the determination never to part with it again, but with life, was futile. While in the enclosure, going from and returning to it, we were assailed with grape shot and shells, not by any means aimed at us, (for the enemy knew not that we were there,) but was intended to disperse those vociferous and vile Canadians, and it had the effect. They were as cowardly as noisy. The cohorn shells were handsomely managed. They usually burst at fifteen or twenty feet from the earth, so as to scatter their destructive effects more widely. Again coming to the guard house, my immediate friends all gone, I ran thence to our quarters, (about

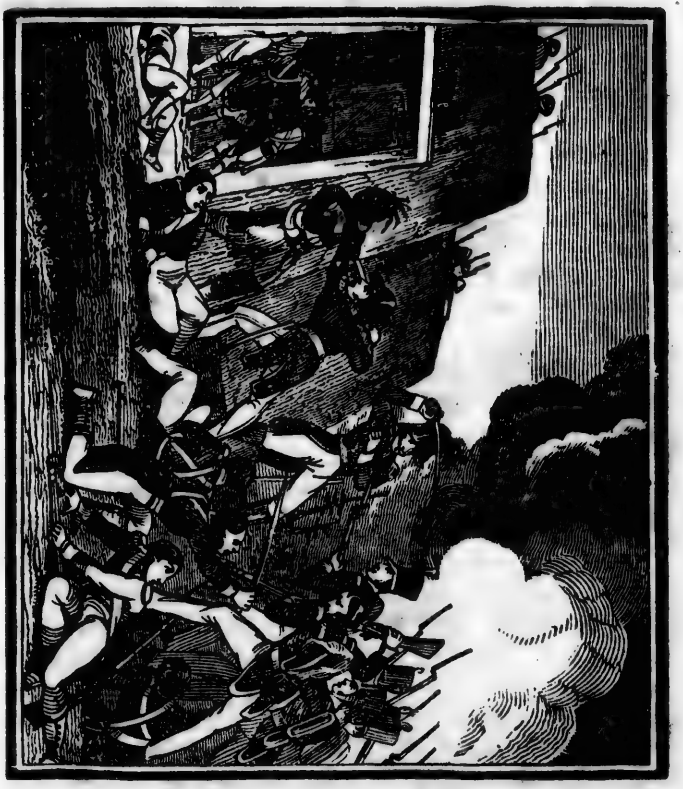
two miles,) with great speed. This was about three o'clock in the morning. Coming to quarters, my feet and hands were numbed, without ever having, during those many dreary hours, been sensible of the cold. It was soon discovered that they were frozen. Pulling off my leggins, &c. and immerging my feet and legs knee deep in the snow at the door, rubbing with my hands a few minutes, soon caused a re-circulation of the blood; the hands were restored by the act. For fifteen, and even twenty years afterwards, the intolerable effects of that night's frost were most sensibly felt. The soles of my feet, particularly the prominences, were severely frost-bitten and much inflamed: so it was as to my hands. But it was very remarkable that these subsequent annual painings, uniformly attacked me in the same month of the year in which the cause occurred.

On the night of the 20th or 21st of December, a snow storm, driving fiercely from the north-east, induced the noble Montgomery to order an attack on the fortress. Our force altogether, did not amount to more than 1100 men, and many of these, by contrivances of their own, were in the hospital, which, by this time, was transferred to the nunnery. The storm abated—the moon shone, and we retired, truly unwilling, to repose. We had caught our commander's spirit. He was anxious, after the capture of Chamblee, St. Johns, and Montreal, to add Quebec, as a crowning trophy to the laurels already won. Captain Smith, the head of our mess, as Captain, had been invited to General Montgomery's council of officers; none under that grade having been called. Like most uninstructed men, he was talkative, and what is much worse in military affairs, very communicative. I believe blushing followed the intelligence he gave me: the idea of impropriety of conduct in

him, deeply impressed my mind. The whole plan of the attack on the two following days was known to the meanest man in the army. How it was disclosed, is uncertain, unless by the fatuity of the captains. One Singleton, a sergeant in the troops that accompanied Montgomery, deserted from the guard at the suburbs of St. John, and disclosed to our foes the purport of our schemes; his desertion caused much anxiety. The General prudently gave out that it was by command, he would return soon with intelligence. This was believed generally. The latter information came to my knowledge some time afterwards, when a prisoner. The relation of Smith to me is perfect on my memory. Youths seldom forget their juvenile impressions. It was this: "That we, of Arnold's corps, accompanied by Capt. Lang's York Artillerists, should assail the lower town, on the side of St. Roque: General Montgomery was to attack the lower town by the way of Cape Diamond, which is on the margin of the St. Lawrence. A false attack was to be made easterly of St. John's gate. When Montgomery and Arnold conjoined in the lower town, then the priests, the women, and the children, were to be gathered and intermingled with the troops, and an assault be made on the upper town." Visionary as this mode of attack was, from what ensued, it is sincerely my belief that Smith was correct in his information, as to the plan suggested by the General. In those turbulent times, men of gallantry, such as Montgomery, were imperiously necessiated, to keep up their own fame and the spirits of the people, to propose and to hazard measures, even to the confines of imprudence. There was another circumstance which induced our brave and worthy General to adopt active and dangerous means of conquest. Many of the New-England troops had

been engaged on very short enlistments, some of which were to expire on the first of January, 1776. The patriotism of the summer of seventy-five, seemed almost extinguished in the winter of seventy-six. The patriotic officers made every exertion to induce enlistments, but to no purpose. We, of the "rifle corps," readily assented to remain with the General, though he should be deserted by the eastern men; yet this example had no manner of influence on the generality. The majority were either farmers or sailors, and some had wives and children at home.—These, and other reasons, perhaps the austerity of the winter, and the harshness of the service, caused an obstinacy of mind which would not submit to patriotic representation. Besides, the small pox, introduced into our cantonments by the indecorous, yet fascinating arts of the enemy, had already begun its ravages. This temper of the men was well known to the General. Great numbers of the soldiers inoculated themselves for this disease, by laceration under the finger nails by means of pins or needles, either to obtain an avoidance of duty, or to get over that horrible disorder in an easy and speedy way.

It was not until the night of the 31st of December, 1775, that such kind of weather ensued as was considered favorable for the assault. The forepart of the night was admirably enlightened by a luminous moon. Many of us, officers as well as privates, had dispersed in various directions among the farm and tippling houses of the vicinity. We well knew the signal for rallying. This was no other than a snow storm. About 12 o'clock P. M. the heavens were overcast. We repaired to quarters. By 2 o'clock we were accoutred and began our march. The storm was outrageous, and the cold wind extremely biting. In this northern country the snow is blown horizon-



[Montgomery's attack on Quebec.]

tally into the faces of travellers on most occasions—this was our case.

January 1st.—When we came to Craig's house, near Palace gate, a horrible roar of cannon took place, and a ringing of all the bells of the city, which are very numerous, and of all sizes. Arnold, heading the forlorn hope, advanced perhaps one hundred yards before the main body. After these followed Lamb's artillerists. Morgan's company led in the secondary part of the column of infantry. Smith's followed, headed by Steele; the captain, from particular causes, being absent. Hendricks' company succeeded, and the eastern men, so far as known to me, followed in due order. The snow was deeper than in the fields, because of the nature of the ground. The path made by Arnold, Lamb, and Morgan was almost imperceptible because of the falling snow. Covering the locks of our guns with the lappets of our coats, and holding down our heads, (for it was impossible to bear up our faces against the imperious storm of wind and snow,) we ran along the foot of the hill in single file. Along the first of our run from Palace gate, for several hundred yards, there stood a range of insulated buildings, which seemed to be storehouses—we passed these quickly in single file, pretty wide apart. The interstices were from thirty to fifty yards. In these intervals we received a tremendous fire of musketry from the ramparts above us. Here we lost some brave men, when powerless to return the salutes we received, as the enemy was covered by his impregnable defences. They were even sightless to us—we could see nothing but the blaze from the muzzles of their muskets.

A number of vessels of various sizes lay along the beach, moored by their hawsers or cables to the houses. Pacing after my leader, Lieutenant Steele,

at a great rate, one of those ropes took me under the chin and cast me headlong down a declivity of at least fifteen feet. The place appeared to be either a dry dock or a saw pit. My descent was terrible; gun and all was involved in a great depth of snow. One of my knees received a most violent contusion. On like occasions our intimates attend to no other than their own concerns. Mine went from me, reregardless of my fate. Scrabbling out of the cavity without assistance, divesting my person and gun of the snow, and limping into the line, it was attempted to assume a station, and preserve it. These were none of my friends—they knew me not. We had not gone twenty yards, in my hobbling gait, before I was thrown out and compelled to await the arrival of a chasm in the line, where a new place might be obtained. Men, in affairs such as this, seem in the main to lose the compassionate feeling, and are averse to being dislodged from their original stations. We proceeded rapidly, exposed to a long line of fire from the garrison, for now we were unprotected by any buildings. The fire had slackened in a small degree. The enemy had been partly called off to resist the General, and strengthen the party opposed to Arnold in our front. Now we saw Colonel Arnold returning, wounded in the leg, and supported by two gentlemen; a parson Spring was one, and in my belief, a Mr. Ogden the other. Arnold called to the troops in a cheering voice as we passed, urging us forward; yet it was observable among the soldiery, with whom it was my misfortune to be now placed, that the Colonel's retiring damped their spirits. A cant phrase, "We are sold," was repeatedly heard in many parts throughout the line. Thus proceeding, enfiladed by an animated but lessened fire, we came to the first barrier, where Arnold had been

wounded in the onset. This contest had lasted but a few minutes, and was somewhat severe; but the energy of our men prevailed. The embrasures were entered when the enemy were discharging their guns. The guard, consisting of thirty persons, were either taken, or fled, leaving their arms behind them. At this time it was discovered that our guns were useless, because of the dampness. The snow, which lodged in our fleecy coats, was melted by the warmth of our bodies. Thence came that disaster. Many of the party, knowing the circumstance, threw aside their own, and seized the British arms. These were not only elegant, but were such as befitted the hand of a real soldier. It was said that 10,000 stand of such arms had been received from England in the previous summer for arming the Canadian militia. Those people were loth to bear them in opposition to our rights. From the first barrier to the second, there was a circular course along the sides of houses, and partly through a street, probably of three hundred yards, or more. This second barrier was erected across, and near the mouth of a narrow street, adjacent to the foot of the hill, which opened into a larger, leading soon into the main body of the lower town. Here it was that the most serious contention took place; this became the bone of strife. The admirable Montgomery by this time, (though it was unknown to us,) was no more; yet we expected momentarily to join him. The firing on that side of the fortress ceased; his division fell under the command of a Colonel Campbell, of the New York line, a nerveless chief, who retreated without making an effort, in pursuance of the General's original plans. The inevitable consequence was, that the whole of the forces on that side of the city, and those who were opposed to the various detachments employed to

make the false attacks, embodied and came down to oppose our division. Here was sharp shooting. We were on the disadvantageous side of the barrier for such a purpose. Confined in a narrow street, hardly more than twenty feet wide, and on the lower ground, scarcely a ball, well aimed or otherwise, but must take effect upon us. Morgan, Hendricks, Steele, Humphreys, and a crowd of every class of the army, had gathered into the narrow pass, attempting to surmount the barrier, which was about twelve or more feet high, and so strongly constructed that nothing but artillery could effectuate its destruction.—There was a construction fifteen or twenty yards within the barrier, upon a rising ground, the cannon of which much overtopped the height of the barrier; hence we were assailed with grape shot in abundance. This erection was called the platform. Again, within the barrier, and close in to it, were two ranges of musketeers, armed with musket and bayonet, ready to receive those who might venture the dangerous leap. Add to all this that the enemy occupied the upper chambers of the houses in the interior of the barrier, on both sides of the street, from the windows of which we became fair marks. The enemy, having the advantage of the ground in front, a vast superiority of numbers, dry and better arms, gave them an irresistible power in so narrow a space. Humphreys, upon a mound which was speedily erected, attended by many brave men, attempted to scale the barrier, but was compelled to retreat by the formidable phalanx of bayonets within, and the weight of fire from the platform and the buildings. Morgan, brave to temerity, stormed and raged.—Hendricks, Steele, Nichols, Humphreys, equally brave, were sedate, though under a tremendous fire. The platform, which was within our view, was evacuated

by the accuracy of our fire, and few persons dared venture there again. Now it was that the necessity of the occupancy of the houses on our side of the barrier, became apparent. Orders were given by Morgan to that effect—we entered. This was near daylight. The houses were a shelter from which we could fire with much accuracy. Yet even here some valuable lives were lost. Hendricks, when aiming his rifle at some prominent person, died by a straggling ball through his heart. He staggered a few feet backwards and fell upon a bed, where he instantly expired. He was an ornament to our little society. The amiable Humphreys died by a like kind of wound, but it was in the street before we entered the buildings. Many other brave men fell at this place; among these were Lieutenant Cooper, of Connecticut, and perhaps fifty or sixty non-commissioned officers and privates. The wounded were numerous, and many dangerously wounded. Captain Lamb, of the York artillerists, had nearly one half of his face carried away by a grape or canister shot. My friend Steele lost three of his fingers as he was presenting his gun to fire; Capt. Hubbard and Lieutenant Fisdle were also among the wounded. When we reflect upon the whole of the dangers at this barricade, and the formidable force that came to annoy us, it is a matter of surprise that so many should escape death and wounding, as did. All hope of success having vanished, a retreat was contemplated; but hesitation, uncertainty, and a lassitude of mind which generally takes place in the affairs of men, when they fail in a project upon which they have attached much expectation, now followed. That moment was foolishly lost when such a movement might have been made with tolerable success. Capt. Laws, at the head of 200 men, issuing from Palace gate,

most fairly and handsomely cooped us up. Many of the men, aware of the consequences, and all our Indians and Canadians, (except Natanis and another,) escaped across the ice which covered the bay of St. Charles, before the arrival of Captain Laws. This was a dangerous and desperate adventure, but worth the undertaking, in avoidance of our subsequent sufferings. Its desperateness consisted in running two miles across shoal ice, thrown up by the high tides of this latitude—and its danger in the meeting with air holes, deceptively covered by the bed of snow.

Speaking circumspectly, yet it must be admitted conjecturally, it seems to me that in the whole of the attack, of commissioned officers we had six killed, five wounded: and of non-commissioned and privates at least one hundred and fifty killed, and fifty or sixty wounded. Of the enemy, many were killed and many more wounded, comparatively, than on our side, taking into view the disadvantages we labored under; and that but two occasions happened when we could return their fire—that is, at the first and second barriers. Neither the American account of this affair, as published by Congress, nor that of Sir Guy Carleton, admit the loss of either side to be so great as it really was, in my estimation. It seems to be a universal practice among belligerents of all nations to lessen the number of the slain of the side of the party which reports the event, and to increase it on the part of the enemy. Having had pretty good opportunities of forming a just opinion on the subject, it is hoped that gentlemen who have thought or written differently, will not disdain to listen to my argument. As to the British, on the platform, they were fair objects to us. They were soon driven thence by the acuteness of our shooting, which, in our apprehension, must have destroyed many. Perhaps there

never was a body of men associated, who better understood the use and manner of employing a rifle, than our corps, which by this time of the attack, had their guns in good order. When we took possession of the houses, we had a greater range. Our opportunities to kill were enlarged. Within one hundred yards every man must die. The British, however, were at home—they could easily drag their dead out of sight, and bear their wounded to the hospital. It was the reverse with us. Captain Prentiss, who commanded the provost guards, while we were prisoners would tell me of seven or eight killed, and fifteen or twenty wounded. Opposed to this, the sentries, (who were mostly Irishmen, that guarded us, with much simplicity, if not with honesty,) frequently admitted of forty or fifty killed, and many more wounded.—The latter assertions accorded with my opinion. The reasons for this belief are these: When the dead, on the following days, were transported on the carioles, passed our habitation for deposition in the "dead house," we observed many bodies of which none of us had any knowledge: and again, when our wounded were returned to us from the hospital, they uniformly spoke of being surrounded there in its many chambers by many of the wounded of the enemy. To the great honor of General Carlton, they were all, whether friends or enemies, treated with like attention and humanity. The reason why the wounded of our side bore so small a proportion to the dead, seems to be this: In the long course we ran from Palace gate to the first barrier, we lost many men who were killed outright, but many more died who were merely wounded, yet in such a manner as in a milder region to make the case a curable one. A blow from a ball so large as that of a musket, staggers a man, whether the wound be in the arm, leg,

or elsewhere; if in staggering, he falls, he comes down into a deep bed of snow, from which a hale man finds it very difficult to extricate himself. Five or ten minutes struggling in such a bed benumbs the strongest man, as frequent experience has taught me; if the party be wounded, though but slightly, twenty or thirty minutes will kill him—not because of the severity of the wound, but by the intensity of the frost. These are my opinions, grounded on a tolerably distinct and accurate knowledge of particular cases, which occurred in the first part of the attack, and a variety of information obtained afterwards from individual sufferers, who were persons of credibility, rescued from death by the humane activity of General Carleton. About 9 o'clock A. M. it was apparent to all of us that we must surrender; and it was done. On this occasion my friend General F. Nichols, by his own native spirit, perseverance, and determined bravery, obtained an honorable distinction and acknowledgment from a brave and distinguished enemy. It enhances his merit and the boon, when we reflect that that enemy was no other than General Carlton, an ornament such as would grace any nation, whether in the worst or best of times. Some privates came to Lieutenant Nichols and demanded his sword; the requisition was peremptorily denied, though there was great risk in the refusal. He retained his sword till he met with Captain Endesly of the enemy, to whom it was surrendered; but with the exaction of a promise that it should be returned when he, (the captive,) should be released. In the August following, before our embarkation for New-York, Captain Endesly waited on Lieutenant Nichols, and in the presence of all the American officers, re-delivered the sword, under the assurance that it was by the permission and command of Gen-

eral Carlton. This trait in the character of Carlton adds to the celebrity of his derivation and manner of thinking, and casts into a dark ground the characters of most of the principal British officers, particularly the Scotch, who had much influence in those days, and bore towards us an intemperate hatred.

The commissioned officers and some of the cadets were conducted to the seminary, a respectable building. It became my lot in one way or other to be lost in the crowd, and to be associated with the non-commissioned officers, in the company of some of whom ardent and perilous duties had been undergone.—These men are by no means to be lessened in character by contrasting them with the levies made in Europe, or those made since that time in our own country. Many of our sergeants, and even of our privates, were men of good education, and substantial freeholders in our own country. Upon a former occasion you were told the story of the respectable Dixon. He possessed, (if sordid wealth makes the man,) two-fold the riches of his captain; and if it be permitted me to decide upon the characters of men, five-fold his understanding, activity and spirit. Amiable Dixon! Many of these men, in the progress of the bloody scenes which ensued, became props of our glorious cause in defence of our sacred liberties. All could be named. Let a few suffice. Thomas Boyd, so often spoken of in the wilderness for his good humor, his activity, and the intensity of his sufferings, struggled gloriously for his life as a captain, and died a dreadful death by the hands of the savages in 1779, in the expedition conducted by General Sullivan against the Six Nation Indians.

[Another digression is here made in Mr. Henry's Narrative, both to relieve the tedium of a subject which treats of one unvaried round of hardship and suffering, and to contrast the recital of the same event as given by an eye witness, and as laid down by the general historian. The following account of Montgomery's attack on Quebec, is from "Botta's History of the War of the Revolution," a work reckoned by critics the most authentic of any yet published on that subject.

The reader will find following the extract above alluded to, a portion of an Oration, illustrative of the Revolutionary warfare, delivered on the occasion of the removal of the remains of Lieut. Thomas Boyd from the grave near where he fell, to Mount Hope, in Rochester, August 20th, 1841, by Samuel Treat, of Geneseo. *Lieut.* Thomas Boyd and *Thomas Boyd*, mentioned by Mr. Henry, are identical.—EDITOR.]

[*Account of Montgomery's Attack on Quebec.*]

"Montgomery, having determined to attempt the assault, convoked a council of war, and acquainted them with his project. Without denying that it was of difficult execution, he maintained that it was possible, and that valor and prudence would triumph over all obstacles. All were in favor of his proposition. A few companies of Arnold, dissatisfied with their commander, alone testified repugnance. But Captain Morgan, a man of real merit, addressed them a persuasive discourse, and their opposition ceased. The general had already arranged in his mind the plan of the attack, and thought of all the means proper to carry it into execution. He intended it should take place, at the same time, against the upper and lower town. But understanding that a deserter had given notice of it to the governor, he resolved to divide his army into four corps, two of which, composed in great part of the Canadians, under the command of Majors Livingston and Brown, were to occupy the attention of the enemy by two feigned attacks of the upper town, towards St. John and Cape Diamond. The two others, led, the first by Montgomery, the second by Arnold, were reserved to assault the lower part of the town from two opposite points. The general was perfectly aware,

that after he should have carried this part of Quebec, there would remain many difficulties to be surmounted in order to conquer the other. But he hoped that the inhabitants, on seeing so great a proportion of their property fallen into the power of the victors, would force the governor to capitulate.

The last day of the year, 1775, between four and five o'clock in the morning, in the midst of a heavy storm of snow, the four columns put themselves in motion, in the best order, each towards the point assigned.

It is said that Captain Frazer, of the Irish emigrants, in going his round, perceived the fuzees which the Americans fired to give the signal; and that, immediately, without waiting further orders, he caused the drums to beat, and roused the garrison to arms. The columns of Livingston and of Brown, impeded by the snow and other obstacles, were not in time to execute their feints. But Montgomery, at the head of his, composed chiefly of New-York men, advanced upon the bank of the river, marching by the way denominated *Anse de mer*, under Cape Diamond. Here was encountered a first barrier, at a place called Potasse, which was defended by a battery of a few pieces of cannon; further on, at the distance of two hundred paces from this, stood a redoubt, furnished with a sufficient guard. The soldiers that composed it, being the greater part Canadians, on seeing the enemy approach, were seized with terror, threw down their arms, and fled. The battery itself was abandoned; and if the Americans could have advanced with sufficient expedition, they would certainly have been masters of it. But in turning Cape Diamond, the foot of which is bathed by the waters of the river, they found the road interrupted by enormous masses of snow. Montgomery, with his own hands, endeavored to open a path for his troops, who followed him, man by man; he was compelled to wait for them. At length, having assembled about two hundred, whom he encouraged with voice and example, he moved cour-

ageously and rapidly towards the barrier. But, in the mean time, a cannonier who had retreated from the battery, on seeing the enemy halt, returned to his post, and taking a match, which happened to be still burning, fired a cannon charged with grape shot; the Americans were within forty paces. This single explosion totally extinguished the hopes they had conceived. Montgomery, as well as Captains Macpherson and Cheeseman, both young men of singular merit, and dear to the general, were killed upon the spot. The soldiers shrunk back on seeing their general fall; and Colonel Campbell, on whom the command devolved, was not a man capable of executing so perilous an enterprize. The flight soon became universal; so that this part of the garrison, no longer having enemies to combat, was at liberty to fly to the succor of that which was attacked by Arnold.

This colonel, who was himself at the head of the forlorn hope, marched by the way of St. Roque, towards the place called *Saut-au-Matelot*. Capt. Lamb followed him with a company of artillery, and one piece of cannon; next came the main body, preceded by the riflemen under Captain Morgan. The besiged had erected, at the entrance of the avenue, a battery, which defended a barrier. The Americans found themselves confined within a passage obstructed by deep snow, and so commanded by the works of the enemy, that his grape shot swept it in every direction. Meanwhile, Arnold advanced rapidly under the fire of the beseiged, who manned the walls. He received a musket ball in the leg, which wounded him severely, splintering the bone. It was necessary to carry him to the hospital, almost by compulsion. Captain Morgan then took the command, and with all the impetuosity of his character, he launched himself against the battery, at the head of two companies. The artillery of the enemy continued to fire grape shot, but with little effect.

The American riflemen, celebrated for their extreme

address, killed many of the British soldiers through the embrasures. They applied ladders to the parapet; the besieged were daunted, and abandoned the battery to the assailants. Morgan, with his companies, and a few soldiers of the centre, who were come up to the vanguard, made many prisoners, English as well as Canadians; but his situation became extremely critical.—The main body had not yet been able to join him; he had no guide, and he was unacquainted with the city; he had no artillery, and the day was still far from dawning. He found himself constrained to halt; his soldiers began to reflect upon their position; their ardor cooled rapidly. The ignorance in which they were of the fate of their columns, the obscurity of the night, the snow which fell with redoubled violence, the firing of musketry, which was heard on every side, and even behind them, finally, the uncertainty of the future, filled the boldest spirits with an involuntary terror. Morgan alone resisted the panic; he rallied his riflemen, promising them certain victory. He ran to the barrier, to spur on those who had remained behind. Lieutenant-Colonel Green, Majors Bigelow and Meigs, joined him with their companies. The morning began to dawn, when Morgan, with a terrible voice, summoned his troops to the assault; he led on with fury against a second battery, which he knew to be only a few paces distant, though masked by an angle of the road; on turning the corner, he encountered a detachment of English, who had sallied from the battery, under the command of Captain Anderson. The latter summoned the Americans to lay down arms. Morgan levelled a musket at his head, and laid him dead upon the ground. The English then retreated within the battery, and closed the barrier. A fierce combat ensued, which cost many lives to the two parties, but most to the Americans, whose flanks were exposed to a destructive fire of musketry from the windows of the houses. Meanwhile, some of the most adventurous,

having rested their ladders against the palisade, appeared disposed to leap it, but on seeing two files of soldiers prepared to receive them on the points of their bayonets, they renounced this project. Cut down by a continual fire, they now sought shelter in the houses. Morgan remained almost alone, near the barrier, endeavoring in vain to recall his soldiers, and inspire them with fresh courage. Weariness, and the menacing countenance of the enemy, had disheartened the most audacious. Their arms, bathed by the snow, which continued to fall impetuously, were no longer of any use to them. Morgan then, seeing the expedition frustrated, ordered the retreat to sound, to avoid being surrounded. But the soldiers who had taken refuge in the houses were afraid to expose themselves to the tempest of shot that must have been encountered, in gaining the corner of the avenue, where they would have been out of danger, and whence they might have retired behind the first barrier. The loss they had sustained, the fury of the storm, and the benumbing effects of the cold, had deprived them of all courage. In the meantime, a detachment of the beseiged, sallied out from a gate of the palace, and Captain Dearborne, who, with his company of provincials, held himself in reserve near this gate, having surrendered, Morgan saw himself encircled by enemies. He proposed to his followers, to open, with arms, the way of retreat; but they refused, in the hope that the assault given on the other part might have succeeded, and that Montgomery would soon come to their relief. They resolved to defend themselves, in the meantime; but having at length perceived, by the continually increasing multitude of enemies, the true state of things, they yielded to destiny, and laid down arms.

Such was the issue of the assault given by the Americans to the city of Quebec, in the midst of the most rigorous season of the year; an enterprize, which, though at first view it may seem rash, was certainly

See Annals of Tryon Co. Page 129.



not impossible. The events themselves have proved it; for if General Montgomery had not been slain at the first onset, it is more than probable that on his part he would have carried the barrier, since even at the moment of his death the battery was abandoned, and only served by a few men; by penetrating at this point, while Arnold and Morgan obtained the same advantages in their attacks, all the lower city would have fallen into the power of the Americans. However this may be, though victory escaped them, their heroic efforts will be the object of sincere admiration. The governor, using his advantages nobly, treated the prisoners with much humanity. He caused the American general to be interred with all military honors."

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[*Extract from an Oration, by Samuel Treat, Esq.*]

"Congress at length determined to execute the project previously formed, of carrying the war into the Indian country. Gen. Sullivan was ordered to ascend the Susquehanna to Tioga Point; and Gen. Clinton, to pass through the Mohawk Valley, to meet the former officer at that place of rendezvous. After various delays caused by the character of the country through which the march was directed, the combined forces, amounting to nearly 5000 men, were ready, on the 22d of August, 1779, to commence the campaign. Sullivan's orders were, to destroy the Indian villages, cut down their crops, and inflict upon them every other mischief which time and circumstances would permit, and not to return until the cruelties of Wyoming, Cherry, and the border-settlements had been fully avenged.

Permit me, before detailing the events of this campaign, to glance at the previous history of a few of those gallant men whose mournful fate we have this day met to deplore.

After the battle of Monmouth, in 1778, Morgan's riflemen were sent to protect the settlements near Schoharie. Among those whose term of service had expired before the autumn of '79, was the bold Virginian, Timothy Mur-

See also Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution by B. J. Lossing. Page 276.

phy. Instead of returning home, he enlisted in the militia, and continued to wage a desultory war against the savages then hovering over the Mohawk settlements. By his fearless intrepidity, his swiftness of foot, his promptness for every hazardous enterprize, he was, though a mere private, entrusted with the management of every scouting party sent out. He always carried a favorite double rifle, an object of the greatest terror to the Indians, who for a long time were awe-struck at its two successive discharges. In the hands of so skilful a marksman, the greatest execution always followed its unerring aim. He had been several times surprised by small Indian parties; but, with remarkable good fortune, had as often escaped. When the savages had learned the mystery of his double rifle, knowing that he must reload after the second discharge, they were careful not to expose themselves until he twice fired. Once, when separated from his troop, he was suddenly surrounded by a large party of savages. Instantly he struck down the nearest foe, and fled at his utmost speed. Being hard pushed by one runner, whom alone he had not outstripped in the flight, he suddenly turned and shot him on the spot. Stopping to strip his fallen pursuer, he saw another close upon him. He seized the rifle of the dead Indian, and again brought down his victim. The savages, supposing all danger now passed, rushed heedlessly on with yells of frantic rage. When nearly exhausted, he again turned, and, with the undischarged barrel, fired, and the third pursuer fell. With savage wonder, the other Indians were riveted to the spot; and, exclaiming that "he could fire all day without reloading," gave over the pursuit. From that hour, Murphy was regarded by the savages as possessing a charmed life. When Clinton passed along the Mohawk, on his way to Tioga Point, he again joined his rifle corps, to share the dangers of the march into the wilderness.

A few of the Oneida warriors joined the expedition, and acted as guides. Cornelius and Honyerry had distinguished themselves in the battle at Oriskany; and, from

the destructive fire of their rifles, been marked by their foes as objects of especial hatred.

Murphy was placed in the company commanded by Capt. Simpson and Lieut. Thomas Boyd. This was also the company in which the late Mr. Salmon, who subsequently resided in Groveland, and was known to many who hear me, served during this expedition.

Lieut. Thomas Boyd was born in Northumberland, Pa. in the county of the same name, in the year 1757. His father and only sister died before the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle. When that contest begun, the noble-hearted widow proved herself a more than Spartan mother. She, too, had learned the great lesson of liberty, and was prepared to make any and every sacrifice in her country's cause. In the langnage of our venerable President—yours, gallant Sir !*—" When fire and sword had ravaged our frontiers, when the repose of the defenceless settlements was disturbed by the savage war-whoop, and the bloody tomahawk and scalping knife were doing their work of death, then this noble matron gave her three sons to God and her country, with the parting injunction never to dishonor their swords by any act of cowardice, or disgrace them by a moment's fear or reluctance, when called to the defence of home and freedom." Lieut. William, her second son, had fulfilled the mother's noble request, and laid down his life at Brandywine, a willing sacrifice at his country's call. The mouldering bones of the youngest, Lieutenant Thomas Boyd, now lie beneath that sable pall.

All the necessary preparations being completed, Sullivan's army left Tioga on the morning of the 26th of August. The Indians, when first informed of the contemplated expedition, laughed at what they supposed the folly of a regular army attempting to traverse the wilderness, to drive them from their fastnesses. When, however, they had learned that the campaign was determined upon, they resolved to make an early stand in defence of

* Major Van Campen.

their crops and their wigwams. Accordingly, a large force, variously estimated from 1,000 to 1,500 Indians and rangers, collected near Newtown, to risk a general engagement. History has fully recorded the particulars of this hard-fought action. The combined forces of British and savages at last fled precipitately across the river, leaving behind a large number of packs, tomahawks, and scalping knives. The disasters of this terrible battle spread the utmost consternation through the Indian villages.—Many a brave warrior had fallen, and the death-song was heard in every town. Their warriors seemed struck with a panic that nothing could avert. They left their defiles and the dangerous marshes open to the advances of their enemies, and fled at their approach. Sullivan hastened forward without interruption, destroying every thing in his route. At Honeoye he left a small force to guard the sick and provisions, and advanced, with the utmost caution, to the head of Lake Conesus.

The principal villages of the Seneca tribe were situated along Genesee Valley. A few miles from this spot, at the fording place of the Canasaraga, was a small town and council-house, called Williamsburg. Little-Beard's Town, so named from the chief, was just beneath this hill, and stretched for nearly a mile from the bridge over the creek almost to the cluster of houses on the main road across the valley. In the centre of the little village, just at the base of this hill, stood the council-house of this fierce warrior and his ferocious clan. Along these hillocks, and for a short distance upon the valley, were their largest corn fields and vegetable gardens. From these, their favorite haunts, their warriors had oft, of yore, wandered to the far South, and brought back the scalps of the Catawbas, and ravaged the towns of their foes in the distant swamps of Mississippi and Alabama. The ruin they had oft carried into the wigwams of the red men and the huts of the white settlers, was now, for the first time, to fall upon their own loved homes. They resolved, however, once more to strike in defence of their firesides, and if

possible avert the impending blow. In pursuance of the resolution of their council, they lay in ambush at the head of Lake Conesus, near an Indian town on what is at present called Henderson's Flats. At the approach of the army, they rose suddenly upon the advance-guard, which, after a brisk skirmish, fell back upon the main body. Fearing a repetition of the destructive havoc which they had already suffered at Newtown, they waited not the attack of the whole army; but, having seized two friendly Oneidas, fled with their prisoners into the adjacent forest. One of these captives had been Sullivan's principal guide, and had rendered many important services to the Americans. He was, therefore, regarded by his captors as a prisoner of no little consequence. There is an incident connected with his fate, worthy of note, as presenting a striking contrast to the inhumanity of the tory brothers at Oriskany and Wyoming. "This faithful Indian had an elder brother engaged with the enemy, who, at the beginning of the war, had exerted all his power to persuade the younger into the British service also, but without success. At the close of this skirmish, the brothers met for the first time since their separation, when they had respectively chosen to travel different war-paths —the younger a prisoner to the elder. The latter had no sooner recognized his brother after the *melee*, than his eyes kindled with that fierce and peculiar lustre which lights up the eyes of a savage when meditating revenge. Approaching him haughtily, he spoke thus:

"Brother! you have merited death. The hatchet or the war-club shall finish your career. When I begged of you to follow me in the fortunes of war, you were deaf to my entreaties.

"Brother! you have merited death, and shall have your deserts. When the rebels raised their hatchets to fight their good master, you sharpened your knife, you brightened your rifle, and led on our foes to the fields of our fathers.

"Brother! you have merited death, and shall die by

our hands. When those rebels had driven us from the fields of our fathers, to seek out new houses, it was you who could dare to step forth as their pilot, and conduct them even to the doors of our wigwams, to butcher our children and put us to death. No crime can be greater. But though you have merited death, and shall die on this spot, my hands shall not be stained with the blood of a brother. *Who will strike?*"

A pause of a moment ensued. The bright hatchet of Little Beard flashed in the air like lightning, and the young Oneida chief was dead at his feet. Thus did the red warrior of the wilderness prove himself nobler than his civilized associates.

After the skirmish just alluded to, Sullivan encamped for the night at the Indian village, and was detained the next day to build a bridge over the inlet and marsh, for his artillery. Early on the evening of the encampment, Lieut. Boyd requested leave to advance with a small detachment, and reconnoitre the next town. The Indian guide, Honyerry, endeavored in vain to dissuade him from the attempt. The army was near the red men's stronghold, and their warriors lurked behind every covert. But the gallant Boyd, fearless of danger when he could be of service to his country, persisted in his request, until the consent of his commander was obtained. He set out upon his perilous enterprise, about sunset, with a small band —the brave Honyerry acting as his guide. Murphy, ever ready on a scout, joined the troop to share the dangers of the attempt, and to enjoy the excitement of fighting the savages in their own way. Near the summit of the hill, about one mile and a half from the camp, the path divided—one branch being in the direction of Williamsburg, the other of Little Beard's Town. Boyd advanced cautiously, and took the former path to the Canaraga. Aware of the dangers with which he was surrounded, he proceeded slowly, prepared for instant action. So great were the difficulties he encountered, that the night was far spent before he reached the first village. Here, all

was silent and deserted. The Indians had fled but a short time before, as their fires were still burning. His little troop was too much exhausted, and the night too far advanced, for his immediate return. He determined to encamp near the village, and at early dawn to despatch two messengers to the camp with the information that the enemy had not yet been discovered; and then continue his search until he learned the position of the enemy. Surely, a more hazardous enterprize was never undertaken: about thirty men, seven miles from their camp, a dense forest between them and the army, before them a trackless morass, the Indians lurking perhaps behind every tree, ready to fall upon their prey. But Boyd had offered his services for this perilous task, and he would not shrink from its performance. Whilst his comrades are yet buried in sleep, taking with him the dauntless Murphy, he creeps cautiously from the place of concealment, until he gains a view of the village. About its outskirts they perceive two savages stealing along the woods; and in a moment their unerring rifles have laid their foes prostrate in death, and Murphy shakes in triumph the reeking scalp of his victim. Fearing that this occurrence would alarm the Indians hovering near, Boyd now thought it prudent to retire.

During that night the red warriors had not been idle. Little Beard had summoned his braves for the work of vengeance, and the messengers of Boyd never reached the camp. Brant, with five hundred warriors, and Butler, with an equal number of rangers, at early dawn set forth from Beard's Town, to intercept Boyd and his party. They selected the spot where the two paths united, near the summit of the hill, for their ambuscade. Concealed in a deep ravine near the adjacent path, they were hid by the dense forest from the view of the army, and by the brush-wood from the path. Whether Boyd returned along the trail from Williamsburg or Beard's Town, they knew he must pass the spot where they lay concealed.—They had wisely conjectured that, if he were attacked far-

ther from the army, he would be prepared for a bloody resistance; and that the first fire would hasten a large detachment to his relief. Whatever was done must be accomplished in a moment; and their success would be certain, if, as they supposed, he should relax his vigilance when so near the camp.

As soon as Boyd had decided to return, he arranged his little troop to avoid being thrown into confusion on a sudden attack. With Honyerry in front and Murphy in the rear, their eagle-eyes fixed upon each moving leaf and waving bough, they marched forward slowly and with the utmost caution. Five weary miles had they thus traversed the dangerous route, and were beginning to descend the hill at whose base the army lay encamped. With rapid march they hurry on, regarding all danger as now past. But just as they emerge from the thick wood into the main path, more than five hundred warriors, with brandished tomahawks, rise up before them. With horrid yells they close in upon their victims on every side. Boyd is not wanting in this fearful crisis. Quick as thought he perceives that against the fearful odds—the foe twenty times his own number—one chance of escape, and but one, remains—and that, the always doubtful step of striking at a given point, and cutting the way through the surrounding foe. At the word, his gallant band fire and rush to the onset. The charge tells fearfully upon the dusky warriors, and a ray of hope gleams upon their clouded fortunes. With unbroken ranks not one of his own comrades yet fallen, he renews the attack, and still the third time. With only eight now left, he braves the fierce encounter once again. The fearless Murphy indeed bears a charmed life. He tumbles in the dust the huge warrior in his path; and, while the rude savages are shouting with laughter, he and two fortunate companions escape. True to his own dauntless nature, he turns to the foe, and, with clenched fist, hurls at them a bold defiance. Poor Honyerry, noted for the wonders that he had wrought at Oriskany, and for his unwavering attachment to the American cause, falls, literally hacked to

pieces. But the unhappy Boyd—he, the gallant and noble-hearted! who never had known fear or shrunk from the most imminent peril—he and the equally wretched Parker, are prisoners in the hands of the merciless enemy. At this frightful moment, what are the emotions of these hapless captives? Does not the stout heart of Boyd now beat slowly? Is not his cheek yet blanched with fear? No! Not such *his* spirit. His courage fails him not, even now. "Red men," he exclaims, "where is your chief? Bring me before the brave warrior. Aye, brandish your hatchets, ye coward squaws, against the helpless: ye dare not strike. Your chief, I say." At this request the upraised tomahawk is turned aside, and the Indian chief, Brant, stands before him. At the mystic signal, known only to those initiated into the secrets of the craft, the stern brow of the warrior is relaxed, and Boyd and Parker are safe.

The approach of Hand's brigade causes the immediate flight of the Indian foe; and, in mad haste, they hurry away with their prisoners, leaving behind their blankets and the rifles of their victims. But this friendly succor comes too late. The fearful strife is over, and the red men are done. Brant leaves the unfortunate Boyd and Parker in the charge of Butler, and withdraws to provide for the coming danger. With painful march, the captives pursue their cheerless route, amid the fierce exultation of the savage tribe, to the Indian village at our feet.

Walter Butler, than whom not a more ruthless fiend ever cursed the human form, summons before him the two prisoners, to learn, if possible, the number, situation, and intentions of Sullivan's army. His questions remain unanswered. Boyd will not, even by a word, betray his country's cause. Perhaps, relying on the plighted faith and generous nature of the Indian chief, he has no fears for the result. Around him gather the painted forms of the grim savages; and, with tomahawks cutting the air, and reeking knives thrust towards his unprotected breast, amid the most hideous yells and frantic gestures, demand

He was son of Col. John Butler & leader of the Tories.

the life-blood of their prey. Still the dauntless Boyd trembles not. He disregards the threats of his base interrogator, and refuses to reply. Denunciations avail not: danger does not intimidate. He has been nurtured in a nobler school than to basely yield when he should be most firm. His country calls—his mother's parting charge is still fresh in his memory. He cannot falter. She had engraven on his heart of hearts, deeper, far deeper, than all other sentiments, *love of country;* and love of life cannot usurp supremacy in this direful hour. But surely it cannot be, that a man educated in all the refinements of civilized life—early nurtured in the merciful tenets of the Christian faith, against whom the noble prisoners have been guilty of no more heinous offence than fighting for liberty, will—nay, he can not execute his bloody threat. Do you doubt, ye hapless pair, that such a monster lives? Ah! remember the bloody deeds of Cherry-Valley, and know that such a monster now threatens "to give you over to the tender mercies of the savages" clamoring for your blood. Again the question is asked, and again Boyd shrinks not. The fate of the army and the success of the expedition hang upon his firmness. He prefers to die, if it were possible, a thousand deaths, rather than betray the lives of his country's soldiers and her holy cause. He well knows that their secret must remain unrevealed by his lips—that on his decision now rests the safety of the whole army; and he nobly chooses, by his own fall, to preserve the dangerous secret locked in his own speechless and mangled breast. The bloody command is at length given. Little-Beard and his clan have seized their helpless victims. Stripped and bound to that sapling, Boyd hears the death-knell ringing in the air, and sees the demoniac ravings of his ruthless tormentors, as madly they dance around him. The chief takes the deadly aim: his glittering hatchet speeds through the air. But no: this were too kind a fate. It quivers in frightful proximity, just above his uncovered head. Another and yet another follows---still they glance within but a hair's breadth of

his throbbing temples. Their fury becomes too great for so bloodless sport. Now they tear out his nails—his eyes—his tongue—and — But the horrors of that awful hour are too agonizing for description. The ear is pained at the direful tale. The mind revolts at the cruel reality. Poor Parker, thine is a milder death. With one blow, your frightful suspense, as you lay a witness of your heroic leader's anguish, and expect a similar fate, is ended.—Noble men! could we but conjure up the agonies of your last hour—could mortal tongue disclose the secret emotions of your souls, the fierce pain of your mangled limbs—every heart in this assembly would cease to pulsate, every cheek grow pale with horror. Gallant Boyd—thy widowed mother's sacred injunction has been—oh! how sacredly—obeyed. Here, in the depths of the wilderness, you ceased not to cherish the spirit of her own noble soul; and at the immense price of the most lingering death, to show that your love of liberty was stronger than all ties of life and kindred. Far away in your native village, perhaps at that very hour, your mother's fervent prayer for her youngest and her darling son, was winging its course to the mercy seat. Little did she imagine with what pious devotion you were fulfilling your high duties to God and your country. Oh! what will be the fearful agony of her widowed soul, when she learns your cruel fate! Already has she mourned your elder brother's fall; and now, in the bloom of early manhood, twenty-two summers scarcely passed over your devoted head, and your mangled corpse lies unburied in the remote wilderness.

Talk not of Spartan daring nor Roman firmness, to illustrate his matchless heroism. In the excitement of battle, under the eyes of those who will honor his bravery, the soldier may dare the chances of even the cannon's mouth, to win undying fame. But to die in the remote wilderness, by the most excruciating torture—to die, too, with the power of safety in your own hands, rather than fail in your duty, even by a word—to die where no pitying eye can behold your fate, and the last solemn rites of

sepulture cannot be performed by Christian hands, with no one to bear your dying words to your bereaved mother—to know and feel at that dread hour, that her scalding tears will flow in torrents, when, as the dreary months drag heavily by, she lingers to hear from some passing stranger, if perchance her youngest, her brave-hearted boy, yet lives—to die thus, for one's country—where, in the annals of the world, can you find a parallel?

[*Mr. Henry's Narrative resumed.*]

Charles Porterfield, who lost his life in the battle of Camden, when in the station of a colonel. Joseph Aston, of Lamb's, who served his country throughout the war, and was promoted to a majority. Doctor Thomas Gibson, of Hendricks', who died in the performance of his duty at Valley Forge, in the winter of 1778. Robert Cunningham, a wealthy freeholder, of Smith's, who here imbibed the seeds of that disorder which at too early an age, hurried him to the grave. In short, many others might be mentioned in the general, as worthy and well informed as their superiors, without in anywise imputing to the latter, in so saying, the slightest degree of disparagement. This will always be the case when the great body of a nation rises in its strength to defend its rights. Those who understand the point in question in a national dispute, and are most strongly impressed with its importance, will be the first to arm. This has been, and ever will be, the dispositions of men in all ages past or to come, whenever their privileges are invaded. Offices of prime importance cannot be obtained by all. Men of talents, of genius, and courage, must step into subordinate stations. Socrates, Alcibiades, and Demosthenes, fought in the ranks.

God in his great goodness grant, in the future vi-

cissitudes of the world, that our countrymen, whenever their essential rights shall be attacked, will divest themselves of all party prejudice, and devote their lives and properties in defence of the sacred liberties of their country, without any view to emolument, but that which springs from glorious and honorable actions. Pardon me for frequent digression, upon this subject particularly, as my whole soul was bound up in our cause, you *must* forgive me. The real apology is, we were all of us enthusiastic whigs.

When under guard, in the morning of the first of January, Colonel M'Dougal, a Scotch gentleman, near noon came to review us: his person was known to me at Detroit, as an intimate of an uncle, three years before this time. The colonel was naturally polite and kind-hearted. When it came my turn to be examined, as to name, place of birth, &c. besides making the proper answers to his inquiries, I was emboldened to declare that he was known to me. He seemed surprised, but not displeased: a request was immediately added, that he would order me to be transferred to the quarters of the officers. "No, my dear boy," said he, "you had better remain where you are; the officers, as you are in rebellion, may be sent to England and there tried for treason." The advice of this venerable veteran, made an impression on my mind, which was then agitated by a thousand vagrant thoughts, and involved in doubt and uncertainty as to our destination. We then well knew of the voyage of Colonel Ethan Allen to England, and the manner of it; and that of George Merchant, our fellow soldier—but the consequences were unknown. It became my determination to take the fatherly advice of Colonel M'Dougal, for it was really delivered in the parental style, and to adhere to it. He brought one of his sons, whom I had for-

merly known, to see me on the following day. About mid-day we were escorted to a ruinous monastery of the order of St. Francis, called the *Reguliers*. It was an immense quadrangular building, containing within its interior bounds half an acre or more, of an area, which seemed to be like a garden or shrubbery. The monks, priests or what not, who inhabited the house, must have been few in number, as, for my part, not more than half a dozen of distinct faces came into my view while we staid here. We entered by the ground floor, (that is, by the cellar,) the building on that side being built on the declination of the hill, which in this part of the city is very uneven. The apartments on our right, as we entered, seemed to be filled with government stores, and with provisions of all kinds. They made us ascend a large staircase into an upper story, where we were complimented with two sides, or rather a part of each of the sides of the quadrangle. The whole building would have accommodated four thousand men. Monkish spirit must have been in high vogue when so great a pile could be erected merely from the alms of the people, and that too, for so egregiously absurd a purpose. The ranges of the rooms, though extensive in the length of the galleries, were small in their size, being scarcely more than ten by twelve or fourteen feet. The galleries were about twelve feet wide; many rooms were comfortable, others were dilapidated. Ten or a dozen of our poor fellows were compressed into one of these small rooms. So much the better, as it served to keep them the warmer. Boyd, Cunningham, and a few of our intimates, took possession of a room near a large stove. The first week we slept most uncomfortably. Gracious God! what did we not suffer.

It was now that we fully learnt the destinies of

our dear and revered general, and his companions in death. But allow me before the detail of that sad story, to give you an anecdote. The merchants of Quebec, like those of England and our own country, are a spirited and generous sect in society: they applied to Governor Carlton, and obtained leave, to make us a "New-Year's gift." This turned out to be no other than a large butt of porter, attended by a proportionate quantity of bread and cheese. It was a present which exhilerated our hearts, and drew from us much thankfulness. We shared more than a pint per man.

General Montgomery had marched at the precise time stipulated, and had arrived at his destined place of attack, nearly at the time we attacked the first barrier. He was not one that would loiter. Colonel Campbell, of the New-York troops, a large, good-looking man, who was second in command of that party, and was deemed a veteran, accompanied the army to the assault; his station was rearward; General Montgomery, with his aids, were at the point of the column.

It is impossible to give you a fair and complete idea of the nature and situation of the place, solely with the pen—the pencil is required. As, (by the special permission of government, obtained by the good offices of Captain Prentiss in the summer following,) Boyd, a few others, and myself, reviewed the causes of our disaster, it is therefore in my power, so far as my abilities will permit, to give you a tolerable notion of the spot. Cape Diamond nearly resembles the great jutting rock which is in the narrows at Hunter's falls, on the Susquehanna. The rock, at the latter place, shoots out as steep as that at Quebec, but by no means forms so great an angle on the margin of the river; but is more craggy.

There is a stronger and more obvious difference in the comparison. When you surmount the hill at St. Charles, or the St. Lawrence side, (which to the eye are equally high and steep,) you find yourself on Abraham's Plains, and upon an extensive champaign country. The bird's-eye view around Quebec bears a striking conformity to the sites of Northumberland and Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania; but the former is on a more gigantic scale, and each of the latter want the steepness and cragginess of the back ground, and a depth of rivers. This detail is to instruct you in the geographical situation of Quebec, and for the sole purpose of explaining the manner of General Montgomery's death, and the reasons of our failure.—From Wolfe's cove there is a good beach down to, and around Cape Diamond. The bulwarks of the city came to the edge of the hill, above that place. Thence down the side of the precipice, slantingly to the brink of the river, there was a stockade of strong posts, fifteen or twenty feet high, knit together by a stout railing, at bottom and top with pins. This was no mean defence, and was at the distance of one hundred yards from the point of the rock. Within this palisade, and at a few yards from the very point itself, there was a like palisade, though it did not run so high up the hill. Again, within Cape Diamond, and probably at a distance of fifty yards, there stood a block house, which seemed to take up the space between the foot of the hill and the precipitous bank of the river, leaving a cart-way, or passage on each side of it. When heights and distances are spoken of, you must recollect that the description of Cape Diamond and its vicinity, is merely that of the eye, made, as it were, running, under the inspection of an officer. The review of the ground our army had acted upon, was accorded to us as a particular favor.

Even to have stepped the paces in a formal manner, would have been dishonorable, if not a species of treason. A block house, if well constructed, is an admirable method of defence; which in the process of the war, to our cost, was fully experienced. In the instance now before us, though the house was not built upon the most approved principles, yet it was a formidable object. It was a square of perhaps forty or fifty feet. The large logs, neatly squared, were tightly bound together by dove-tail work. If not much mistaken, the lower story contained loop holes for musketry, so narrow that those within could not be harmed from without. The upper story had four or more port holes for cannon of a large calibre. These guns were charged with grape or cannister shot, and were pointed with exactness towards the avenue at Cape Diamond. The hero Montgomery came. The drowsy or drunken guard did not hear the sawing of the posts of the first palisade. Here, if not very erroneous, four posts were sawed and thrown aside, so as to admit four men abreast. The column entered with a manly fortitude. Montgomery, accompanied by his aids M'Pherson and Cheeseman, advanced in front. Arriving at the second palisade, the general, with his own hands, sawed down two of the pickets in such a manner as to admit two men abreast. These sawed pickets were close under the hill, and but a few yards from the very point of the rock, out of the view and fire of the enemy from the block house. Until our troops advanced to the point, no harm could ensue, but by stones thrown from above. Even now there had been but an imperfect discovery of the advancing of an enemy, and that only by the intoxicated guard. The guard fled; the general advanced a few paces. A drunken sailor returned to his gun, swearing he would not for-

sake it while undischarged. This fact is related from the testimony of the guard on the morning of our capture, some of those sailors being our guard. Applying the match, this single discharge deprived us of our excellent commander.

Examing the spot, the officer who escorted us, (professing to be one of those who first came to the place after the death of the general,) showed the position in which the general's body was found. It lay two paces from the brink of the river, on the back, the arms extended. Cheeseman lay on the left, and M'Pherson on the right, in a triangular position. Two other brave men lay near them. The ground above described was visited by an inquisitive eye, so that you may rely with some implicitness on the truth of the picture. As all danger from without had vanished, the government had not only permitted the mutilated palisades to remain without renewing the enclosure, but the very sticks sawed by the hand of our commander still lay strewed about the spot.

Colonel Campbell, appalled by the death of the general, retreated a little way from Cape Diamond, out of the reach of the cannon of the block house, and pretendedly called a council of officers, who, it was said, justified his receding from the attack. If rushing on, as military duty required, and a brave man would have done, the block house might have been occupied by a small number, and was unassailable from without, but by cannon. From the block house to the centre of the lower town, where we were, there was no obstacle to impede a force so powerful as that under Colonel Campbell.

Cowardice, or a want of good will towards our cause, left us to our miserable fate. A junction, although we might not conquer the fortress, would enable us to make an honorable retreat, though with

the loss of many valuable lives. Campbell, who was ever after considered as a poltroon in grain, retreated, leaving the bodies of the general, M'Pherson, and Cheeseman, to be devoured by the dogs. The disgust caused among us, as to Campbell, was so great as to create the unchristian wish that he might be hanged. In that desultory period though he was tried, he was acquitted; that was also the case of Colonel Enos, who deserted us on the Kennebec.

On the 3d or 4th of January, being, as it were, domesticated in the sergeant's mess in the *Reguliers*, a file of men headed by an officer, called to conduct me to the seminary. Adhering to the advice of Col. M'Dougal, the invitation was declined, though the hero Morgan had solicited this grace from Governor Carlton, and had sent me a kind and pressing message. My reasons, which were explained to Morgan, in addition to the one already given, operated forcibly on my mind. Having lost all my clothes in the wilderness, except those on my back, and those acquired by the provident and gratuitous spirit of General Montgomery, nothing remained fitting me to appear in company anywhere. Additionally, it had become a resolution, when leaving Lancaster, (as my absence would go near to break the hearts of my parents,) never to break upon my worthy father's purse. Dire necessity compelled me to rescind this resolution, in part, in the wilderness; but that circumstance made me the more determined to adhere to the resolve afterwards: again, my intimate friends were not in the seminary. Steele was in the hospital, and Simpson, (by previous command,) on the charming Isle of Orleans; which, from its fruitfulness, had become, as it were, our store-house. Add to all these reasons: it could not be said of the gentlemen in the seminary "they are my intimates,"

except as to Captain Morgan, and Lieut. F. Nichols of Hendricks'. Besides, my leather small-clothes, all in fritters, had been cast away, and a savage covering adopted until more auspicious times came. But even now an idea of escape and vengeance inflamed the breasts of many, and we were here in a much superior situation for such a purpose, than that of the seminary. More of this hereafter. All these facts and circumstances induced an evasion of the friendly solicitation of the kind-hearted Morgan.

On the third day of our capture the generous Carlton despatched a flag to Arnold, to obtain what trifling baggage we had left at our quarters; mine was either forgotten, or miserable as it was, had been plundered; but as good luck would have it, the knapsack of one Alexander Nelson of our company, who was killed when running to the first barrier, was disclaimed by all of our men. Your father in consequence laid violent hands upon the spoil. It furnished Boyd and myself with a large, but coarse blue blanket, called a "stroud," and a drummer's regimental coat. The blanket became a real comfort, the coat an article of barter. It was on this day that my heart was ready to burst with grief at viewing the funeral of our beloved general. Carlton had in our former wars with the French, been the friend and fellow-soldier of Montgomery. Though political opinion, perhaps ambition or interest, had thrown these worthies on different sides of the great question, yet the former could not but honor the remains of his quondam friend. About noon the procession passed our quarters. It was most solemn. The coffin, covered with a pall, surmounted by transverse swords, was borne by men. The regular troops, with reversed arms, and scarfs on the left elbow, accompanied the corpse to the grave. The funerals of

the other officers, both friends and enemies, were performed this day. From many of us it drew tears of affection for the defunct, and speaking for myself, tears of greeting and thankfulness towards General Carlton. The soldiery and inhabitants appeared affected by the loss of this valuable man, though he was their enemy. If such men as Washington, Carlton, and Montgomery, had had the entire direction of the adverse war, the contention, in the event, might have happily terminated to the advantage of both sections of the nation. M'Pherson, Cheeseman, Hendricks, and Humphreys, were all dignified by the same manner of burial.

On the same, or the following day, we were compelled, (if we would look,) to behold a more disgusting and torturing sight. Many carioles repeatedly, one after the other, passed our dwelling loaded with the dead, whether of the assailants or of the garrison, to a place emphatically called the 'dead house.' Here the bodies were heaped in monstrous piles. The horror of the sight, to us southern men, principally consisted in seeing our companions borne to interment uncoffined, and in the very clothes they had worn in battle; their limbs distorted in various directions, such as would ensue in the moment of death. Many of our friends and acquaintances were apparent. Poor Nelson lay on the top of half a dozen other bodies—his arms extended beyond his head, as if in the act of prayer, and one knee crooked and raised, seemingly when he last gasped in the agonies of death. Curse on these civil wars, which extinguish the sociabilities of mankind, and annihilate the strength of nations! A flood of tears was consequent. Though Montgomery was beloved, because of his manliness of soul, heroic bravery, and suavity of manners, Hendricks and Humphreys, for the same

admirable qualities, and especially for the endurances we underwent in conjunction, enforced many a tear. Still my unhappy and lost brethren, though in humble station, with whom that dreadful wild was penetrated, and from whom came many attentions towards me, forced melancholy sensations. From what is said relative to the "dead house," you might conclude that General Carlton was inhuman or hard-hearted. No such thing. In this northern latitude, at this season of the year, according to my feelings, (we had no thermometer,) the weather was so cold as usually to be many degrees below 0. A wound, if mortal, or even otherwise, casts the party wounded into the snow; if death should follow it throws the sufferer into various attitudes, which are assumed in the extreme pain accompanying death. The moment death takes place, the frost fixes the limbs in whatever situation they may happen to be, and which cannot be reduced to decent order until they are thawed. In this state the bodies of the slain are deposited in the "dead house," hard as ice. At this season of the year the earth is frozen from two to five feet deep, impenetrable to the best pick-axe, in the hands of the stoutest men. Hence you may perceive a justification of the "dead house." It is no new observation, "that climates form the manners and habits of the people."

On the next day, (January 4th,) we were visited by Colonel Maclean, an old man, attended by other officers, for a peculiar purpose; that is, to ascertain who among us were born in Europe. We had many Irishmen and some Englishmen. The question was put to each; those who admitted a British birth were told they must serve his majesty in Col. Maclean's regiment, a new corps, called the 'Emigrants.' Our poor fellows, under the fearful penalty of being car-

ried to Britain, there to be tried for treason, were compelled by necessity, and many of them did enlist. Two of them, very brave men, Edward Cavenaugh and Timothy Conner, deserve to be named, because of a particular occurrence which happened shortly after. These two men, among others, called upon me for my advice how to act. Being, at that time, neither a lawyer nor a casuist, they had my opinion according to the dictates of nature, and some slight reading. That is, that they should enlist; for a constrained oath, (as theirs would be,) could not be binding on the conscience—and by all means to join our army as soon as practicable. They enlisted under the notion that the oath was non-obligatory, and a hope of a speedy return to their friends and wives. Allow me here to recount, by anticipation, the residue of the adventures of "honest Ned." Towards the end of January, Cavenaugh and Conner happened to compose a part of the same guard at Palace gate, where the walls are from thirty to forty feet high, independently of the declivity of the hill.—Cavenaugh was stationed as a sentry in conjunction with one of the British party. Conner had procured a bottle of rum; coming to the station, he drank, himself, and presented the bottle to the British sentry. While the latter was in the act of drinking, Cavenaugh gave him a push with the butt of his musket, which stunned and brought him to the earth. Taking his arms, they sprung over the wall into a bed of snow, perhaps twenty-five feet deep. This averment concerning the depth of the snow, may appear problematical, as we know nothing like it in our climate. Form no definite opinion until you have heard the reasons why it does happen. As you may recollect several instances in this narrative, where the asperity of a Quebec winter is intimated, and a de-

scription of its effects attempted; such as frequent snow storms and fierce winds. In the month of January, particularly, when the snow has increased to a depth of seven feet over the face of the country, notwithstanding the shining of the sun, the cold is so great that those winds drive the snow daily against the high ramparts of the city, where it forms a compact mass —the last stratum being light and dry as the finest sand, which may be whirled by the wind. Cave naugh and Conner leaped into such a soft bed. Their disadvantage consisted in sinking too deep; the height of the leap plunging them deeper than ordinary walking would do, made it difficult for them to extricate themselves. The relief-guard came in time to give them a volley, as they were scampering away. Thanks to God, my worthy Irishmen escaped unharmed, though as they passed through St. Roque, they were complimented by several discharges of cannister and grape shot. This was the first notice we had of the escape of our daring friends. We heard, next morning, all the minutiæ from those who guarded us.

By the middle of January we were settled down into a state of something like household order: those who could economise fared tolerably well, though they could have used more. Our daily provisions consisted of a biscuit made of a coarse meal, from something like our chopped rye; very often chaff or straw, half an inch in length, was found in this species of bread. A biscuit of the size of a cake of gingerbread, now sold with us for a cent, was the daily allowance of this article: half a pound of pork, or three quarters of a pound of beef, though these were much salted, even so as to be uncomfortable—they were of Irish preparation, perhaps for the sea-service: a competent allowance of butter, originally fine, yet

now rancid: candles, molasses, and even vinegar—this last article, so long as it could be afforded us, was a preservative from the disorders which unwittingly we were imbibing daily. Knowing the difficulties under which the garrison lay—foes at the gates, and an uncertainty of succor; the governor was thought of by me, with similar allowances, that ought to be made to our own generals, in circumstances of such pinching necessity. From all information attainable on our part, we were as well treated as those of the garrison, who lived on the same kinds of food, except as to liquor, which deprivation was more beneficial than injurious to our men. It is grateful to my heart now to remember and repeat the benevolent sensations this mildness and humanity created in my mind, towards the virtuous, the amiable and venerable Carlton. He was a genuine representative of the gentility of the Irish nation, which is so deservedly famous for the production of real heroes, patriotic statesmen, and a generosity and suavity of manners. He was of great candor, uprightness and honor, and full of the spirit of philanthropy, which marks the real gentleman. He made us several visits, in all of which he seemed merely to have a solicitude for our welfare, without any sinister view, such as seduction from our principles, &c. That he granted us every accommodation his trying situation authorized, there can be no doubt.—Shortly after the time now spoken of, we were conducted to the Dauphin jail. Before we quit the reguliers, admit me to state to you something more, relating to our manner of living there. My youthful appetite required and demanded a greater quantity of food than we then enjoyed. We wanted spoons, not only in our own mess, but throughout the whole corps. There was no money among us to purchase

such an implement, and if there had been, and opportunity had offered, it is likely the jealousy of government would have deprived us of them, if formed of metal of any kind.

One day being at the unloading of a cord of wood, a birch stick, the only piece of hard wood in the load, was eagerly laid hold of, and borne to the mess-room; from this a wooden spoon was soon formed for my own use. Lobscouse made a part of our diurnal food. This term, though vulgar, conveys to one, who, when hungry, has tasted the dish, some agreeable ideas. Among soldiers and sailors it is esteemed equal to the "olla podrida" of the Spaniards, and nearly so to the "speck and oyer" of the Germans; it is certainly more nourishing than what the latter call "water soup," and even "meal soup." We put our vile biscuit into a tin vessel, with a sufficient quantity of water, and permitted it to stew on the stove, until there was a perfect mucilage, some thin slices of bacon fat, (the reserve of the last meal,) were then added; or some of the skimmings of the boilers, but most usually, the rancid butter, (which was thus made palatable:) when these substances were well incorporated with the biscuit; a few spoon-fulls of molasses finished the dish. This was the ordinary breakfast, and a good one, when we could spoon it into our mouths. My spoon, therefore, was an article in great demand, and of prime necessity. The production of one spoon created a desire for more; they were manufactured in abundance by the means of two knives—a great and a small, but always disposed of for biscuit. Spoons were made as large as small ladles, some with a deer at full stretch, a hound pursuing—an Indian sitting—a beaver—and twenty other devices were invented, and tolerably well carved. Some came to five biscuits, some to ten, and

one in particular at twenty, which my friends thought worthy of the acceptance of the governor, but care was taken not to present it. Boyd and Cunningham carefully furnished the wood. Thus we could exist pretty well on our slender diet. But we had other resources which were by no means neglected. Henry Crone, a well bred young man, descended from a worthy and respectable family of York county, Pennsylvania, much my senior, but who was known to me during his apprenticeship at Lancaster, had dissipated a good fortune at the gaming table; he was a sergeant of Hendricks'. Miserable as was our predicament, the demon of play had intruded itself among us, though there was neither money nor clothing, but that upon our backs, and our daily provisions, to sport with. The play was for biscuit, and most usually at a game called "all-fours," in which Crone was a real adept. He was a droll dog, and much inclined to play with and beat the Yankees, as he termed them. Many mornings, being compelled by the inclemency of the season, to leave our uncomfortable bed, pacing the avenues in front of our cells for exercise and warmth, drawing aside the curtain of the gambling room door, which was no other than a thread-bare blanket, Crone was seen and heard with bleared eye and a vociferous voice, after a night's sitting, contending for a biscuit with as much spirit and heat as most probably he had done in former times for fifty or a hundred dollars. The passion for gaming is almost an inexplicable trait in the human character—the poor, the rich, the savage and the civilized, are equally its devotees. The greatest and the least are alike subject to its fascinations. Crone, poor dog, was one of the devoted.

Montgomery, in his care for Arnold's party, besides an excellent blanket coat, had assigned to each man

a new red regimental coat of the seventh, or some other regiment stationed in the upper country. This clothing had been seized at Montreal. Crone, in the general division, had fared well. He had obtained a large superfine broad-cloth coat, such as is worn by the sergeant-major of the British army, which "fitted him like a shirt." He was so totally devoid of care that he never once applied to the tailors of the army, who were employed by the public, to fit the coat to his back, and to sew it regularly.—What was still more laughable, he had no pockets to his coat, unless you may call the flannel such, which inside lined the lappets, and bore the appearance of large bags dangling about his heels. Crone was facetious and clever; he had an affection for me. Often about daylight he would come to my blanket and waken me, and shake the lappets of his coat. He would say, "Come, Jack, here's something for you," and would force upon me, ten, fifteen, and several times, even thirty biscuits. With all his vices he bore a great share of my esteem, for the goodness of his heart. When ill-luck occurred, there was a refunding on my part, but it seldom happened. Our other resource was William M'Coy, a sergeant of Hendricks', an excellent clerk, who came into favor with the Governor, by giving to Major Murray of the garrison, a genuine copy of his journal of the route through the wilderness into Canada. He was a sedate and sensible man. He was installed "clerk of the kitchen," and put me much in mind of Gil Blas' clerk. The cook, whom M'Coy patronized, was a very Boniface in accomplishments, and a Sancho Panza in rotundity. He was of Thayer's or Dearborne's company. Believe me, that these two men were courted by our hungry wights among the soldiery with as much eagerness and solicitude, and of-

ten sycophancy, as would have been the case had they been the ministers of a great state. What could you suppose to be the object of such servility? To explain: the boiling utensils were two very large coppers. A boiling of pork produced a great quantity of liquid fat, which the men called *slush*. The skimmings constituted the importance of the cook, who made a profit from it by selling it to certain tradesmen of the city. A half pint of this slush was a good succedaneum for better food, to a mess of six stout men. It, with the molasses, formed an excellent lobscouse. Oleaginous matter, next to bread, is, however, the great support of the animal functions, and even superior to bread, to sustain life and gratify the palate. Here you see the real ground of the causes of distinctions in society. The cook, possessing this perquisite, commanded his applicants for additional food with an unwarrantable austerity. As to our mess, it was strong in habits of intimacy with M'Coy, who was one of *us*. The cook was far below our notice. Friend M'Coy gave us every advantage our melancholy situation afforded him.

Coming to the Dauphin jail, escorted by the military, we found it well accommodated for our lodgment. There were four rooms below, and as many above stairs, all capacious and well supplied with births or bulks, in the common method of barracks. Our company taking the right our precedence in the procession gave us, assumed the possession of a room in the third story, which was in truth the very best. Morgan's took a room immediately below us; Hendricks' one adjoining: but remember that at this time we were reduced most lamentably by killed, wounded and missing. Many were in the hospital. Out of sixty-five who came on Abraham's plains in November, we had scarcely more than thirty left with

us in prison, the fire of the enemy and disease had so thinned us. Morgan's gallant men fared worse.—Like the eastern people, before, and at that period, they detested the introduction of the small-pox into their country by innoculation. Now they were its victims. Less than twenty-five of the privates of that company regained their native homes. They were originally as elegant a body of men as ever came into my view. To use the style of my friend Simpson, "they were beautiful boys, who knew how to handle and aim the rifle." Indeed, many of them, (adroit young men, courageous and thorough-going,) became the subjects of death by that virulent disease. both without and within the city. We, of Pennsylvania, had no fears from that source. This disease had visited us in youth, either naturally or by innoculation. This observation, which is a serious one, should convey to your minds the immensity of the discovery of the innoculation of the kine pox, by doctor Jenner. The dis overy of the causes of lightning, its dreadful effects, the means of avoiding its power, by the celebrated Franklin, our countryman, is, (as it concerns the happiness of man, speaking diffidently,) perhaps inferior to that of Jenner. The Jennerian discovery tends to save the lives of millions—the Franklinian, of hundreds. But all lovers of natural philosophy are compelled to admit that the identity of the electric fluid, obtained artificially, with that of the clouds, has given a wider scope to human thought than the recency of the Jennerian discovery, has as yet, afforded. There can be little doubt that in a succession of years, some gigantic genius of the medical profession will improve and extend the benefits of the happy disclosure.

At the Dauphin jail, our notions of escape were strengthened. The prison may be 300 yards from

St. John's gate: the interval, at that time, was free from buildings. From without the building appeared formidable. The court-yard was very contracted for so large a house, and was encompassed by a strong stone wall, at least twenty feet high. The windows and doors were seemingly, by their bars, impenetrable. But what cannot men of true spirit effect when made the subjects of oppression. Opposite to the jail, across the street leading to St. John's gate, at a distance of forty yards, there stood a house, which became the station of the guard, who superintended us. In the first of our imprisonment we were attended by the regular troops, or sailors, who were embodied by government as soldiers; but now the guard, (as our force without had made a firm stand,) was replaced by the militia, who were the most inert and despicable of military men. The sentries were stationed on the outside of the jail—we had no witnesses of our conduct within, except the captain of the provost, who did not pry with a suspicious eye. He was a generous and open-hearted enemy—had no guile himself, nor imputed it to others. The principal defence on this side of the city, as it regarded our attempt at evasion, lay at and near St. John's gate. The guard here was most usually composed of thirty men, of the regular troops or sailors. They would have given us a hustle, but of a certainty we should have overpowered them by the force of numbers, as stout and as able bodied men as themselves, whose courage was not to be questioned, though there was a great difference in the nature of our respective arms. Having examined the jail carefully, its imbecility to restrain us was apparent. It was an old French building in the Bastile style. The walls of stone, and more than three feet thick, were impenetrable by any of our means. Upon examining the

bars of the windows, which were originally ill-constructed, many were found so much corroded, as to move up and down in the sockets. These could be taken out. The mildness of Governor Carlton's reign seemed not to require a strict inspection into places of this kind. About this time a selected council was called, of which your father had the honor to be one, and was chiefly composed of the sergeants. Major Joseph Aston, then a sergeant-major, had the presidency. Our discoveries were debated—the means of escape considered, and a consultation of the men recommended. This was done, and there was not a dissentient voice. At the stair head there was a small room lighted by a small window; the door was locked. Peeping through the key-hole, large iron hoops were discovered: the spring of the lock kindly gave way to our efforts; the room was ransacked, and as neatly closed. The room furnished us with a large number of strong iron hoops, two and three inches broad, and a considerable quantity of other iron, of different shapes and sizes, deposited there as lumber. From the first of these articles we formed a rough but weighty species of sword, with a wooden handle; a blow from which, in the hands of one of our stout men, would have brought down one of the stoutest of the enemy. The residue of the iron was applied to the formation of spear-heads. These were affixed to splits of fir-plank, about ten feet in length, which had formed in part the bottoms of the lower births. These weapons, it is true, were of the coarsest make, yet in the hands of men determined to sacrifice their lives for freedom, they would have had a considerable sway. Our long knives, which many of us secreted when captured, also became spear points. These weapons were concealed under the lower range of births, which were raised a

foot from the floor. The planks were neatly raised, the nails were extricated, and the nail head, with a part of its shank, placed in its former position. Over these lay our blankets and bundles. It was a standing rule to have two sentries constantly on the watch, one at each end of the interior of the jail. Their duty consisted in giving a signal of the approach of the officers of the garrison, who were in the habit of visiting us daily: as there were shoe makers and tailors among us, who worked cheaper than those of the city, merely for the purpose of bettering their condition, there was policy in this watchfulness.—When the signal was given, the inner doors were thrown open; those appointed for the purpose, laid upon the birth which hid our arms, as if in a drowsy state. The officers were accosted with assumed confidence, and much complaisance. The council met daily, sometimes in small squads, and when any thing of much consequence was to be considered, in larger; but at all times secretly, or at least not obviously as a council, from fear of traitors, or some indiscretion of the young men. Our arrangements, as far as my judgment could discern, were judicious. Aston was to act as general; M'Coy and some others became colonels. Boyd and others of the most spirit, became majors, captains, lieutenants, &c. That which cheered me much, was that the council assigned me a first lieutenancy under my friend Boyd, whose vigor and courage were unquestionable.

The plan of the escape was thus: Ashton, who was an excellent engineer, was to have the particular superintendence of Lamb's company, which, to a man, was well-informed in its duty, active and spirited. These were to be increased to a band of one hundred and fifty men, whose duty it was to attack the guard at St. John's gate. The attack of the

guard opposite the jail, was assigned to the discretion of Boyd, Cunningham and myself; the council generously giving us the authority of a first selection of twenty-two persons, from the whole body of our men. The residue of our force was so disposed of as to act as a body of reserve to Aston, under the command of M'Coy, and another smaller body was reserved to support Boyd, particularly by way of setting fire to the jail, the guard-house, and the buildings in its neighborhood, to amuse or employ the enemy while we were running to St. John's gate. It was expected we could arrive there by the time Aston and his party would be victorious. Our particular duty was of the desperate kind, something of the nature of the "forlorn hope." Nothing but the virtue and bravery of our comrades could ensure the safety of our lives; for if they should arrive at St. John's gate and discomfit the guard, and then seek safety by flight, they would leave us to the mercy of an enraged enemy, who would sacrifice us to their fury. But there has been too much precipitation in the relation. Previous to the last observations, besides being told of our force, our weapons, and our military plans, you should have been informed also of the real site of the jail—of its internal structure, from which the sally was to be made. The Dauphin jail is built on a plain pretty much inclined to the street. It follows that the front of the lower story, (that is, the cellars,) was on a level with the street. The back ground was ten or twelve feet higher. In the cellar, near the foot of the stairway, there was a plenteous fountain of water, which supplied the house. The conduits leading from the spring, by the severity of the weather, were impeded by the ice, so that the water, in great quantity, remained in the cellar, which, with the additional carelessness of our people, who cast the rin-

sing of their buckets on the floor of the apartment, formed a bed of ice a foot thick, and very firm and solid. This cellar had a door newly made, of strong pine plank, five feet in width, which opened inwards —the sill was level with the street. The door was hung upon H hinges of a large size, fixed on the inside, exposed to our view and operations. But what was still more absurd, the door was hasped within, and secured by a large pad lock. Close inspection and thoughtfulness had made the members of the council, by the means that they enjoyed, perfect masters of those hinges and the lock; they would not have stood a second of time. The principal obstacle was the ice, which was raised fully a foot against the door. Even this would have given way to our ingenuity. The whole of our plan was well laid, and thoroughly digested. That door was to be our sally port. Boyd preceding with our division—Aston and M'Coy following, they turning rapidly to the left for St. John's gate. The dislocation of the iron bars of the window, was to ensue: all those which could be removed being known, were to become issues for our bravest men. Every man knew his station. It is an old and a trite observation, that it is a difficult thing to describe a battle so as to give a clear idea of all the causes and effects of each movement, without overloading and confusing the picture. The same may be said of a conspiracy such as ours. Going through the entry from the front door into the jail-yard, near the back door, but still within the prison, there are two cavities opposite to each other, strongly walled and arched. We called them the black holes. On the outside of the building, in the yard, those cavities assumed the forms of banks, ten or eleven feet high, and as wide; and well sodded. With some address and agility a sprightly man could surpass ei-

ther of them. The wall above these banks was probably ten feet higher. In the daytime we often climbed up the wall, by means of its interstices, from which the mortar had fallen in the course of time, to take a peep at the city, merely putting our eyes above the level of the top of it.

A Mr. Martin, a hardy, daring and active young man of Lamb's company, I think a sergeant, proposed to bear intelligence of our projects to the American commander, without the walls. His plan was approved. A time for irruption was named, though the day was not particularized The signals to invite the advance of our army to St. John's gate, were the burning of the houses, and the firing of the guns of the ramparts towards the city. As yet, we were unprepared to move. This expedition of Martin's was a profound secret among the council, from a fear that some bungler might attempt the same path, fail, and by his being taken, unveil our plots. Permit me a short episode on the escape of Martin. It was singularly adventurous, and the neatness of its execution renders it worthy of remark. I had the pleasure of hearing it recounted, in more happy times, at New York. Martin was dressed in warm clothing, with good gloves; a white cap, shirt and over-alls were prepared for him. He appeared in the jail-yard among the prisoners, in his daily dress. The time of locking up and calling the roll generally happened about sun-down. It was the business of the captain of the provost, who was accompanied by a file of men. The prisoners, instigated by those in the secret, employed themselues out of doors until late in the evening, in play, as if to keep their bodies warm. It was a blowing and dreary evening, which was purposely chosen. At locking up, those in the secret lagged behind, tardily, pushing the uninformed be-

fore, yet so slowly, as effectually to crowd the gangway; Martin remaining in the rear. The operation took place at the clanging of the lock of the great front door. This measure was imagined and effected on purpose to procure to Martin a sufficiency of leisure to get to his hiding place, which was no other than a nook formed by the projection of the door way, and on the top of one of the banks before spoken of. Here he had time to put on his cap, shirt, &c. The officer who examined the yard could not perceive him unless he went out of the door, several paces to the left, and most probably not even then, for Martin would be covered in the snow, and imperceptible. Happily the officer went no further than the threshold, and made but a slight survey of the yard. This account, so far, is derived from my own knowledge; what follows, is from Martin himself. "Martin tarried there until seven or eight o'clock. The dilemma he was in could only be surpassed in imminence of danger, by his extreme activity, skill and courage. There were four sentries stationed around the jail—two at each corner in front, and the like number at the corners of the yard in the rear. Those sentries, though relieved every quarter of an hour, were soon driven into the sentry boxes by the cold and keenness of the whistling winds. If they had paced the spaces allotted them by duty, the escape of Martin must have been impossible. Watching the true time he slipped down the wall into the deep snow underneath unobserved. Hence he made a sudden excursion to the left of St. John's gate, at a part of the wall where he knew no sentry was placed. Leaping the wall into the snow, he received the fire of a distant sentry. Martin was unharmed. The soldier fired, as it were, at a phantom; for when Martin's body came into contact with the snow

it was indiscernible; the desired information was given:" but of this we could merely make surmises until the May following. That which is very remarkable is that the absence of Martin was unknown to government until the explosion of our plot.

Our next solicitude was the acquisition of powder. This article could be obtained but by sheer address and shrewd management. But we had to do with men who were not of the military cast. We began first to enter into familiarity with the sentries, joking with them and pretending to learn French from them. The guard, usually of Canadians, consisted of many old men and young boys, who were very '*coming*.' A few small gun-carriages were constructed, not more than six inches in length, and mounted with cannon or howitzers, which were made of many folds of paper, and were bound tightly around with thread.—These were shown to the sentries from time to time, and a little powder was requested, with which to charge them. Our births formed an angle of the room. The upper births, as well as the lower, had a ledge of several inches in height, in which embrasures were formed with the knife. Two parties were raised in opposition to each other, each of which took possession of one side of the angle. The blaze and report, which was nearly as great and as loud as that of small pistols, created much laughter and merriment. This sport, the child of a seeming folly, served us as a pretence and justification for soliciting powder. The apparent joy prevailing among us, pleased the Canadians, both old and young, and did not alarm the government. We obtained many cartridges in the course of a few weeks, two-thirds of which came to the hands of Aston and his corps, for the purpose of manufacturing matches, &c. &c.—Fire arms of any kind could not by any finesse be

procured. The commerce of cartridges, accompanied by a suavity and deference of manners towards our young friends, procured us many quarters of pounds of powder, which they bought secretly out of funds, some of which were procured in a ludicrous way. We had many sick in the hospital; for when any one appeared to be disordered in the least degree, he was hurried to the infirmary; when cured, he was returned to us. Some of the men went so far as to feign sickness, to get to that place, where they lived in a more sumptuous style than that of the jail. The frequent removals caused the propagation of a report that the prison was unhealthy.—Many pious matrons came to see us, and never empty handed. Some elderly nuns, of respectable families, were of the number, and generally brought money—truly not in great quantity, but not the less acceptable to the sick and convalescent, as these alms procured them some slight comforts, such as tea, &c. These were the religious and humane collections of the sisterhood, and mostly consisted of the smallest change. There was a beautiful countenanced youth, Thomas Gibson, first sergeant of Hendricks, who had studied physic at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, allied to me by affinity, who had, (probably from a knowledge he had of his profession,) sustained his health hitherto; his cheeks were blooming as roses. He was one of the council. As young men, we cared little about the means, so that we obtained the end—which was powder. We lived above stairs, and never shared in the gratuities of the ladies, which were rapaciously awaited at the entrance of the prison. Gibson and myself were standing at a window near the great door, and opposite to M'Coy's room, a neat little box, which had been constructed for his use. Looking into the street, a lady with a thick veil was

observed to take the path through the snow to our habitation. "Zounds! Gibson, there's a nun," was scarcely expressed, before he was hurried into M'Coy's apartment and put to bed, though dressed. Several of us waited respectfully at the door, till the officer of the guard unlocked it. The nun entered—she appeared, from her manners, to be genteel and respectable. We were most sedulous in our attentions to the lady, and so prevailed, as to induce her to come into M'Coy's room. Here lay Gibson, covered to the chin with the bed clothes, nothing exposed but his beautiful hair and red cheeks, the latter indicating a high fever. It was well the lady was no physician. The nun, crossing herself, and whispering a paternoster, poured the contents of her little purse into the hand of the patient, which he held gently without the blanketing, and left us. What should the donation be but twenty-four coppers, equal at that time to two shillings of our money. The latter circumstance added much to the humor and extreme merriment of the transaction. This money was solely appropriated for powder. Thus, careless of every thing but the means of escaping, we enjoyed many merry, and even happy hours.

Aston, who was provident of time, by the middle of March, (I have no note of the precise period,) had all his matters of arrangement in good order. The council assigned a day for the irruption. As we dared not touch the door in the cellar, from a fear of discovery by inspection, (and it was examined almost daily,) it was determined to postpone the unloosing the hinges and lock, which were under our command, until the moment of escape. It became a main question, how to remove the ice at the foot of the door. Here lay the great difficulty, as it was universally agreed that the door must be dragged down

suddenly, so that we might march over it. Remember also, that a sentry was posted not more than from fifteen to twenty feet from the outside of the door. Many propositions were made in council, how to effect the removal of the body of ice without exposure to detection. One was lightly to pick it away with hatchets, a few of which had been secretly retained by the prisoners, and brought into the jail. To this there were several insuperable objections: the softest stroke of the lightest tomahawk upon the ice, would be heard by a sentry so near; or an unlucky stroke might touch the door, which would resound and inevitably cause a discovery. Others proposed to wear away the ice by boiling water; two most obvious objections lay here: the steam would search for a vent through the crevices of the door and window, and develop our measures; besides, the extreme cold would have congealed the hot water the moment it fell, so as to add to our difficulties. Another idea was suggested: it was to cut the door across on the surface of the ice with knives; to this plan there was a fatal exception—the ice had risen on the lower cross-piece of the door nearly an inch, so that we must cut thro' the cross-piece lengthwise, and through the thick plank crosswise. Though this labor might have been accomplished by industry and perseverance, yet the time it would necessarily take would cause a discovery by the searchers. The last and only method to avoid discovery was adopted. This was to embody sixteen or eighteen of the most prudent men, who knew the value of silence, who should, two and two, relieve each other, and with our long knives gently pare away the ice next the sill of the door, so as to make a groove of four or six inches wide, paralell with, and deep as the sill. The persons were named and appointed to this service. Now the ca-

pability of the execution of our plot, infused comfort and joy into all hearts. It was intended immediately after locking up, on the night of the irruption, that those prudent men should descend into the vault by pairs, and by incessant labor have the work finished by three o'clock in the morning, when the sally should be made. We had carefully noticed from the walls of the jail and the ridge of the house, where there is a trap-door, the placing of the guards, the numbers and stationing of the sentries. We were safe, therefore, in the measures we had taken for the attack of the guard of St. John's gate. Our own guard was perfectly scrutinized. The opportunities were of the most commodious kind. The guard-house was directly in our front, where we could see and be seen. Their windows had no shutters. They had lights all the night through: we, the better to observe them, kept none. This latter circumstance enabled us distinctly to see that the arms with fixed bayonets were placed in the right hand corner of the room, as we would enter from the stairhead, and that the guard towards morning, to a man, were lying asleep on the floor. The sentries, as they were relieved, did the like. This guard, as was before said, in ordinary, consisted of thirty persons. Boyd's party, from a perfect knowledge of their method of conducting, esteemed it no great hardship to undertake the overwhelming them. The nights were piercingly cold—the sentries soon housed themselves in their boxes. As the sally, to succeed, must be most silent and quick, it was hoped to quiet all of them before any alarm could spread. Besides Boyd's division, (the first rank of which was to despatch the nearest sentry by the spear,) others of the succeeding corps were assigned to assail the rest of the sentries immediately around the prison. The getting up the stairs

of *our* guard-house, so quickly as to create no alarm, was not only feasible, but in my mind, (with the force delegated to us,) of absolute certainty of success.—The front door being open by night and day, we knew the precise number of steps the stairs contained. An agile man would mount at three strides. A light was continually in the passage. Entering the room, and turning to the right, the arms in the corner were ours. The bayonet, from necessity, would become the lot of the guard. In this part of the enterprise, profound silence was all-important; the section was to rely on the spear and tomahawk. Aston, on the other hand, being victorious at St. John's gate, was instantly to turn the cannon upon the city: his fuses, portfire, &c. were prepared and ready as substitutes for those of the enemy, if they were extinguished or taken from the guns. It was known to us that all the cannon of the ramparts were charged and primed, and boxes of ammunition and piles of balls in the vicinity of each gun; it was calculated that the execution of the business of our section might be effected in at least fifteen minutes, together with the firing of the houses. Then running to support Aston, and if he was victorious, to maintain our position on the walls, under a hope of the arrival of the American army from without. In that event St. John's gate, as a first measure, was to be opened. But if Aston should unfortunately be beaten, (which was most improbable,) then we were to fly in all directions, and make the adventurous leap. It was supposed that in the latter case, the hurry and bustle created by so sudden, unforeseen and daring an attack, would throw the garrison into consternation and disorder to so great a degree, as to admit the escape of many. Sluggards might expect to be massacred.

The particularity of the foregoing details are purposely made, to impress on your minds a single truth: "That the best imagined schemes and thoroughly "digested designs, whether in military or civil life, "may be defeated by a thoughtless boy, the interfe- "rence of an idiot, or a treacherous knave." Two lads from Connecticut or Massachusetts, whose names are now lost to my memory, prisoners with us, but who had no manner of connection or intercourse with the chiefs, nor knew the minute, yet essential parts of the measures of the council; but probably having overheard a whisper of the time and manner of the evasion, without consultation, or without authority from their superiors, in the thoughtless ardor of their minds, on the eve of the sally descended into the cellar, and with hatchets, picked at the ice at the door-sill. The operation was heard. The sentry threatened to fire. The guard was instantly alarmed and immediately doubled, and all our long-labored schemes and well-digested plans annihilated in a moment.—You cannot form an adequate idea of the pangs we endured. My heart was nearly broken by the excess of surprise and burning anger, to be thus fatuitously deprived of the gladdening hope of a speedy return to our friends and country. It became us, however, to put the best face upon it. It was suddenly resolved by the chiefs to kill the person who should disclose the general plot, and to wait upon the officers on the ensuing morning, with our usual attentions. When morning came, it found us afoot. About sunrise, the formidable inquisition took place. Major Murray, Captain Prentiss, the officer of the guard, and a dozen musketeers came—we awaited their approach undismayed. They accosted us very coolly. The cellar was visited, and the work of these fools was apparent. Re-ascending, we could assure

the gentlemen that this effort to escape was without the knowledge of any of us. This, to be sure, was said in the jesuitical style, but those who made the assertion did not then know either the persons or the names of the silly adventurers. The officers and the guard were departing, fully persuaded that it was no more than the attempt of one or two persons to escape. Major Murray was the last to recede. An Englishman, (of whom we knew not that he was a deserter from our enemies at Boston,) had posted himself close to the right jamb of the door, which was more than half opened for the passage of the major. Those of us who were determined to execute our last-night's resolution, armed with our long knives, had formed a half-circle around the door, without observing the intrusion and presence of the deserter. Major Murray was standing on the threshold, speaking in a kindly manner to us, when the villian sprung past the major, even jostling him. The spring he made was so sudden and so entirely unsuspected, that he screened himself from our just vengeance. Touching major Murray's shoulder, "Sir," says he, "I have something to disclose." The guards encompassed the traitor, and hurried him away to the Governor's palace. We instantaneously perceived the extent and consequence of this disaster. The prisoners immediately destroyed such of the arms as were too bulky to hide, if destructible, and secreted the rest. In an hour an officer and file of men demanded Boyd, Cunningham and others, represented by the vile informer as prominent actors in the plot. They were escorted to the Governor's council. Here they found that the wretch had evidenced all our proceedings minutely, naming every one who was prominent. Our worthy compatriots were examined on oath, and as men of honor could not conceal the truth. The

questions of the council, (furnished by the informer,) did not admit of equivocation or evasion, if the examinants had been so inclined; and besides, all tergiversation, when the outline was marked, was nugatory. They boldly admitted and justified the attempt. We did not fare the worse in our provisions nor in the estimation of our enemy. Returning to the jail, my dear Boyd shed the tears of excruciating anguish in my bosom, deploring our adverse fate. We had vowed to each other to be free or die, and to be thus foolishly baulked, caused the most heart-rending grief.

Towards 2 o'clock, P. M. we saw several heavy cart-loads, consisting of long and weighty irons, such as bilboes, foot-hobbles, and hand-cuffs, arrive. The prisoners were ordered to their rooms. The ironing began below stairs with Morgan's company. Here the bilboes were expended. If not much mistaken, ten or twelve persons were secured, each by a foot to a bar twelve feet long, and two inches in diameter. The heavy bolts were exhausted in the story below us. When they came to our range of rooms, they turned to the left, instead of coming to the right where we were. By the time the officers came to us, even the hand-cuffs were nearly out. Each of us was obliged to take to his berth, which contained five men each. When they had shackled those of the lower births, they commenced at one the most distant from ours. Slipping in the rear of my companions, bent down in apparent trepidation, the black smith ironed my messmates, and then called to me to descend and submit to his office. Coming—'Never mind that lad,' said my friend captain Prentiss. They had but three or four pairs of hand-cuffs left, which were clapped on the elderly and robust. Besides M'Coy, our Boniface the cook, Doctor Gibson,

two others and myself, who were unhampered, all the rest were, in appearance, tightly and firmly secured. Though M'Coy and Boniface were adepts at insurrection, yet their services were of too much importance to government, to be dispensed with. The others of the unfettered remained so from the exhaustion of the shackles. A new species of interesting occurrences, mingled with much fun and sportive humor now occurred, which was succeeded by a series of horrible anguish. The doors were scarcely closed before we began to essay the unshackling. Those who had small hands, by compressing the palms, could easily slip the irons from their wrist. Of these there were many, who became the assistants of their friends, whose hands were larger. Here there was a necessity for ingenuity. Knives notched as saws were the principal means. The head of the rivet at the end of the bar was sawed off; it was lengthened and a screw formed upon it, to cap which a false head was made, either of iron or of lead, resembling as much as possible the true head. Again new rivets were formed from the iron we had preserved in our secret hoards from the vigilance of the searchers. These new rivets being made to bear a strong likeness to the old, were then cut into two parts—one part was driven into the bolt tightly, became stationary, the other part was moveable. It behoved the wearer of the manacle to look to it that he did not lose the loose part, and when the searchers came to examine, that it should stand firm in the orifice. Some poor fellows, perhaps from a defect of ingenuity, the hardness of the iron, or the want of the requisite tools, could not discharge the bilboes. This was particularly the melancholy predicament of three of Morgan's men, whose heels were too long to slip through the iron, which encompassed the

*small* of the leg. It was truly painful to see three persons attached to a monstrous bar, the weight of which was above their strength to carry. It added to the poignancy of their sufferings, in such frigid weather, that their colleagues at the bar, having shorter heels, could withdraw the foot and perambulate the jail: where their companions left them, there they must remain seated on the floor, unless some kind hands assisted them to remove.

There was a droll dog from the eastward, who was doubly unfortunate: in the attack on the city he had received a spent ball in the pit of the stomach, which had nearly ended him: now it became his lot to have an immense foot-bolt fastened to his leg, without a companion to bear him company, and cheer his lonely hours. This victim of persecution and sorrow would sometimes come among us in the yard, bearing up his bolt, slung by a cord hitched over his shoulder. Nothing could damp his spirits. He talked, laughed and sung incessantly. Some others, besides those, were similarly situated. Those who were so lucky as to have light hand-cuffs, bore them about with them. The greatest danger of discovery arose from those who could free themselves from the heavy irons. The usual visitations were increased from twice to thrice a day—in the first and last the smith searched the bolts of each person. But there were other intrusions, intermediately, by officers evidently despatched by the suspicions of government, for the purpose of discovery. To counteract these new measures of caution and jealousy, we were well prepared. Sentries, on our part, were regularly stationed at certain windows of the jail, to descry the approach of any one in the garb of an officer. The view from these windows was pretty extensive, down two of the streets, especially that leading to the palace.

Notwithstanding every caution to avoid detection, yet the clang of the lock of the great door was on some occasions the only warning given us of the impending danger. The scamperings at those times were truly diverting, and having always escaped discovery, gave us much amusement. The clanking of the fetters followed, and was terrible; such as the imagination forms in childhood of the condition of the souls in Tartarus; even this was sport. Happily our real situation was never known to any of the government officers; unless the good blacksmith, (a worthy Irishman, of a feeling heart,) might be called such, and he was silent.

Towards the middle of April, the scurvy, which we had been imbibing during the winter, made its appearance in its most virulent and deadly forms, preceded and accompanied by a violent diarrhœa.—Many of those who were first affected were taken to the hospital; but the disease soon became general among us. We were attended several times by doctor Maybin, the physician-general, who, by his tender attentions and amiable manners, won our affections: he recommended a cleansing of the stomach, by ipecacuanna and mild cathartics, such as rhubarb, together with due exercise. Those who were young, active, and sensible of the doctor's salutary advice, kept afoot, and practised every kind of athletic sport we could devise. On the contrary, those who were supinely indolent, and adhered to their blankets, became objects of real commiseration—their limbs contracted, as one of mine is now: large blue, and even black blotches appeared on their bodies and limbs—the gums became black—the morbid flesh fell away—the teeth loosened, and in several instances fell out. Our minds were now really depressed. That hilarity and fun which supported our

spirits in the greatest misfortunes, gave way to wailings, groanings and death. I know, from dire experience, that when the body suffers pain, the mind, for the time, is deprived of all its exhilerations—in short, almost of the power of thinking. The elbow joints, the hips, the knees, and ancles were most severely pained. It was soon observed, (though the doctor's mate attended us almost daily, and very carefully,) there was little or no mitigation of our diseases, except that the diarrhœa, which was derived from another cause than that which produced the scurvy, was somewhat abated; and that our remedy lay elsewhere in the materia medica, which was beyond the grasp of the physician. The diarrhœa came from the nature of the water we used daily. In the month of April the snows began to melt, not by the heat of the sun, but most probably by the warmth of the earth beneath the snows. The ground, saturated with snow-water, naturally increased the fountain head in the cellar. Literally, we drank the melted snow. The scurvy had another origin. The diet—salt pork, infamous biscuit—damp, and close confinement in a narrow space, together with the severity of the climate, were the true causes of the scurvy.

There was no doubt in any reflective mind among us, but that the virtuous and beneficent Carlton, taking into view his perilous predicament, did every thing for us which an honest man and a good Christian could.

An observation may be made in this place with propriety: that is, that in the climates of all high southern or northern regions, the soil is very rich and prolific. This beneficial operation of nature, is, in all likelihood, attributable to the nitrous qualities that the snow deposites. Of the fact that nitre is the

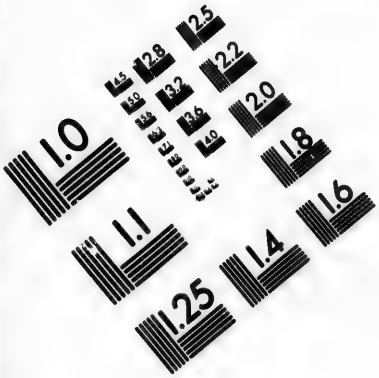
principal ingredient which causes fertility in the earth, no man of observation can at this day reasonably doubt. The earth is replete of it. Wherever earth and shade unite, it is engendered and becomes apparent. This idea is proved by the circumstance that nitre may be procured from caves, the earth of cellars, outhouses, and even from common earth, if kept under cover. During the revolution, when powder was so necessary, we every where experienced the good effects of this discovery. The snows that usually fall in Canada about the middle of November, and generally cover the ground until the end of April, in my opinion fill the soil with those vegetative salts that forward the growth of plants. This idea was evinced to me by my vague and inconsiderate mind, from observations then made, and which were more firmly established by assurances from Captain Prentis, that *muck* or *manure*, which we employ in southern climates, is there never used. In that country the moment the ground is free from snow, the grass, and every species of plant, spring forward in the most luxuriant manner. Captain Prentis, besides the continuation of his care and friendship to Gibson and myself, did not restrain his generosity to individuals, but procured for us a permission from government to send out an old Irishman, of the New-York line, an excellent Catholic, to collect for us vegetable food. The first specimen of this good old man's attention and industry, was the production of a large basket full of the ordinary blue grass of our country; this grass, by those who got it, was devoured ravenously at the basket, if so happy as to be able to come near it. Scurvy grass, in many varieties, eschalots, small onions, onion tops, and garlic, succeeded, and were welcomed by all of us for several months afterwards. This voracious appetite for

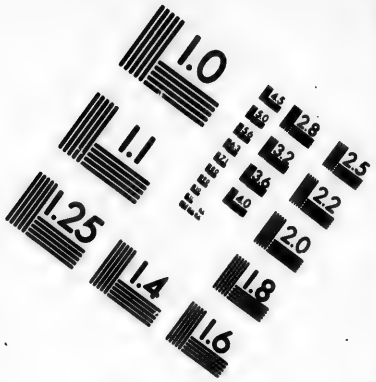
vegetables seems to be an incident always concurring in that terrible disease, the scurvy; nature seems to instil into the patient a desire for such food, and of acids, which are the only specific, (with a due attention to cleanliness,) hitherto discovered, that eradicate the stamina of the disease.

About the time above spoken of, Gov. Carlton directed that we should be supplied with fresh beef. This was no other than that which had been brought into the city when we lay at Point aux Tremble, in the foregoing autumn, and in aid of the stores of the garrison. It had lain in a frozen state during the winter without salting, but now as warm weather was approaching, it began to thaw, and was liberally disposed of to the garrison and prisoners. The beef was sweet, though here and there a little blueish, (like the mould of stale bread,) very tender, but somewhat mawkish. It was palatable and nutritive to men afflicted as we were. This beef, connected with vegetables, soon animated us with an idea of returning health and vigor; yet, though it mitigated the pains we endured, it did not totally expel the scurvy.

The 7th of May arrived. Two ships came to the aid of the garrison, beating through a body of ice, which perhaps was impervious to any other than the intrepid sailor. This relief of men and stores created great joy in the town. Our army began their disorderly retreat. My friend Simpson, with his party, was much misused, from a neglect of giving him information of the intended flight of our army. Some few of the men under his authority, straggled and were taken in the retreat. They came to inhabit our house. Now, for the first time, we heard an account of the occurrences during the winter's blockade, which, though of trivial import, was to us immense-

ly interesting. The sally of this day produced to the prisoners additional comfort; though the troops took a severe revenge upon our friends without, by burning and destroying their property. The next day more ships and troops arrived: a pursuit took place, the effect of which was of no consequence, except so far as it tended to expel the colonial troops from Canada. To the prisoners, this retreat had pleasing consequences; fresh bread, beef newly slaughtered, and a superabundance of vegetables, was a salutary diet to our reduced and scorbutic bodies. Still, freedom, that greatest of blessings, and exercise, were required to bring back to us genuine health. About this time an incident occurred that threw us into extacy, as it relieved our minds and faculties from a most torturing piece of preservative duty: this was no other than an authoritative divestment of the irons.—One day, perhaps the 15th or 18th of May, Colonel Maclean, attended by Major Carlton, a younger brother of the General, Major Maibaum, a German officer, both of whom had just arrived from Europe, together with Captain Prentis, and other officers, entered the jail about mid-day. The prisoners paraded in the jail-yard, completely ironed. Captain Prentis, by the direction of Colonel Maclean, pointed out to the other officers: "This is General such-a-one—that is Colonel such-a-one," and in this manner proceeded to name all the leading characters. Happening to be very near the amiable, it might be said, admirable Major Carlton, he was overheard to say, 'Colonel, ambition is laudable; cannot the irons of these men be struck off?' This the Colonel ordered to be done immediately. Our kind-hearted blacksmith was not distant: he came, and the officers remained to see some of the largest bolts divested, and then left us. 'Come, come, gentlemen,' said the blacksmith,

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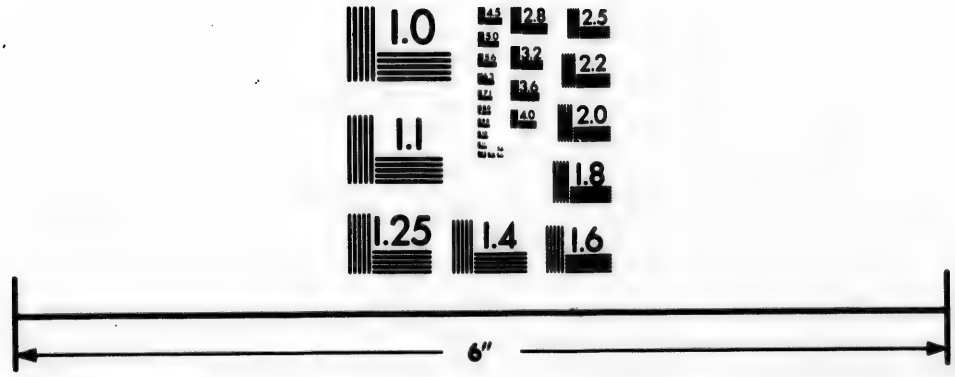

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'you can put off your irons.' In a minute, the vast pile lay before him. Being now at full bodily liberty, we completed a ball court which had been originally formed, as it were, by stealth. Here a singular phenomenon that attends the scurvy, discovered itself. The venerable and respectable Maybin had recommended to us exercise, not only as a means of cure, but as a preventive of the scorbutic humors operating. Four of the most active would engage at a game of "fives." Having played some games in continuation, if a party incautiously sat down, he was seized by the most violent pains in the hips and knees, that incapacitated him from play for many hours, and from rising from the earth, where the patient had seated himself. These pains taught us to keep afoot all day, and even to eat our food in an erect posture. Going to bed in the evening, after a hard day's play, those sensations of pain upon lying down, immediately attacked us, The pain would continue half an hour, and often longer. My own experience will authorise me to say two hours. In the morning we rose free from pain, and the routine of play and fatigue ensued, but always attended by the same effects, particularly to the stubborn and incautious, who would not adhere to the wholesome advice of doctor Maybin. Those who were inactive retained those excruciating pains to the last, together with their distorted, bloated, and blackened limbs. Upon our return from Canada, in the autumn of 1776, I saw five or six of my crippled compatriots hobbling through the streets of Lancaster on their way home. It cost a tear—all that could be given. By the month of August, the active were relieved from those pains.

Towards the end of May Governor Carlton ordered each of the prisoners a linen shirt. This gift, to me, was most agreeable, as linen next the skin, for

some months past, was unfelt, and few persons who have not felt the extremity of such endurances as ours, can form a full conception of the gratification we enjoyed. Having had but one shirt on at the time of our capture, it was soon destroyed by the wearing and the repeated washings it required. Delicacy forbids a dilation upon the consequences. You would laugh at the description of one of our washing parties. Rising early, the prime object was to make a strong lye of wood-ashes, of which we had plenty, into which the linen was plunged, and concocted for an hour or more, under a hope of putting an end to certain vagrants, of a genus with which most of us are acquainted. During the boiling the votaries of cleanliness, cloaked in a blanket, or blanket coat, watched the ebulitions of the kettle. The boiling done, the linen was borne to the yard, where each one washed his own, and watched it during the drying, almost in a state of nature. Captain Prentis, pitying my sad condition, pressed upon me often to accept from him money to purchase a suit of clothes, and he would trust to the honor and integrity of my father for payment, whose character he knew. Adhering to my first determination, this polite and generous proposal of my amiable and deserving friend, was as often, yet most thankfully declined, maugre the advice of my bosom friends, Boyd and Cunningham, to the contrary. He, however, forced upon me half a johannes. This small sum was applied to the solace of my heart. In the first place, to an article still more necessary than a shirt. The residue was expended upon matters which cheered the hearts of my messmates, whom I dearly loved; cheese, sugar, tea, coffee, &c. Spirits were detested, as we knew it to be a poison to scorbutic persons. What pleased me much more, and gave me

pure delight, was the following occurrence: Of my own accord, no one knowing of the intention, the good old Irishman was delegated to purchase three or four pounds of tobacco. It was secretly bought, and as secretly borne to our room. A pound was produced and fairly parted among our tobacco chewers. You cannot conceive their joy. When the first paroxism was over, the remainder was disposed of in the same way. The thankfulness of those brave, but destitute men, arose towards me, nearly to adoration. You will ask why? Hear the reason: From your small knowledge of mankind, you can have little conception of the force habit has on the human race. One who chews, smokes or snuffs tobacco, is as little able to abstain from that enjoyment as you would be if compelled to refrain from your usual meals. This particular is spoken of, to persuade you by no means to use tobacco in any shape. It is a poison of the most inveterate kind, which like opium, arsenic, and several other medicaments, may be applied to healthful purposes, yet, if employed in an extreme degree, produces instantaneous death. These ideas are not visionary, but are supportable by the authority of some of the best physicians. You are at full liberty to put your own constructions upon these observations. But to return to my fellow-prisoners.

In the wilderness, where the army soon run out the article of tobacco, the men had many valuable succedaneums. The barks of the different kinds of firs, the cedar, the red willow, and the leaves of many astringent or bitter plants supplied the place; but within the bare walls of our jail there was no substitute for this dear and inebriating vegetable. Thus was all my money expended, and much to my satisfaction, and to the heart-felt pleasure of my brave

and worthy companions, whose sufferings, in certain points, were greater than my own. The table of the virtuous and generous Prentis had often furnished me liberally with wholesome viands. With convalescency, though pennyless, we again became merry and light-hearted.

In the beginning of August we were told by Captain Prentis that the Governor had concluded to send us by sea to New York, upon parole, for the purpose of being exchanged; that the transports, which had brought the late reinforcements from Europe, were cleansing and preparing for the voyage. Now there was exultation. On the 7th of August we subscribed our written paroles. Captain Prentis procured me permission from government, with a few friends, to traverse the city. An officer of the garrison attended us. Our first desire was to see the grave of our General and those of his Aids, as well as those of the beloved Hendricks and Humphreys. The graves were within a small place of interment, neatly walled with stone. The coffins of Montgomery, Cheeseman and M'Pherson, were well arranged, side by side; those of Hendricks, Humphreys, Cooper, &c. were arranged on the south side of the inclosure. As the burial of these heroes took place in a dreary winter, and the earth impenetrable, there was but little earth on the coffins: the snow and ice, which had been the principal covering, being now dissolved, the foot of the General's coffin was exposed to the air and view. The coffin was well formed of fir plank. Captain Prentis assured me that the graves should be deepened and the bodies duly deposited, for he also knew Montgomery as a fellow-soldier, and lamented his untimely fate. Thence we proceeded past the citadel, along the ramparts to Cape Diamond, descended the declivity shootingly, and ex-

amined the stockades and block-house. It is this little tour that enabled me to describe to you the site and defences of that formidable pass. Proceeding thence through a part of the lower town, we came to a narrow street, which led us to an immense stairway, one of the ascents into the upper town. Ascending here, we came to the main passage, which curvatured down the hill into the lower town, and which was to lead us in our supposed attack upon the upper town; this we pursued, and came to the place of the second barrier, which had been lately demolished. The houses on both sides of the street, in which we had taken our stand, were now in ruins, having been burnt by the garrison, as were the suburbs of St. Roque and St. John's. This was done to render them unfit for the shelter of future assailants. Thus it is, that war destroys the wealth, and robs the individual of happiness. We had no time to make observations but such as could be done in passing hastily. Returning to the upper town by the principal and winding road, we were strongly impressed with the opinion that if our whole force, as was intended, had formed a junction in the lower town, that it was utterly impracticable, either from our number or our means, to mount by a road such as this was. Suppose it not to have been barricaded and enfiladed by cannon, it must be assailed by the bayonet, of which weapon we had very few, and the enemy was fully supplied. But when we reflect that across the road, at the centre of the arc of each curve, there was a barricade, and cannon placed to rake the intervals between the different barricades, the difficulties of the ascent, which is very steep, would be increased even to insurmountability. The road is very narrow, and lined next the hill, by a stupendous precipice; on the other hand there were

some houses romantically perched on the side of the declivity, and some rocks. The declivity, of itself, was an excellent defence, if the besieged could maintain the position in front, for in a short time, in so confined a space, the assailants must either die, retreat, or be thrown down the hill from the road.—But suppose all these defences overcome, and we had arrived at the brow of the hill at the entrance of the upper town, here a still more formidable obstacle presented itself than those which could be formed by art in the lower parts of the road. At this place there is a hollow way, which in the hurry we were in, and the slight view we dared take, appeared as if cut out of the solid rock, of a depth of thirty or forty feet. Athwart this way there was a strong stockade, of a height nearly equal with the perpendicular sides of the way or gulley. From the surface above, we might have been stoned to death by the defenders of the fortress, without a probability of their receiving harm from us below, though ever so well armed. But the stockade itself, from its structure and abundant strength, would have resisted a force manifold our numbers, and much better supplied and accoutred. From these observations, (those of an uninstructed youth, to be sure,) there was no hesitation in telling my intimate friends, then and since, that the scheme of the conquest of the upper town was visionary and groundless; not the result of our dear General's reflections, but forced upon him by the nature and necessities of the times, and his disagreeable predicament. If a coalition of our forces in the lower town had taken effect, the General would then most probably have developed his latent and real plans. The reasons given in council may have been promulgated merely to induce a more spirited exertion upon the part of the officers and soldiery who

were not in the secret, to excite a fictitious valor. Getting into serious action, and warmed by the opposition of the enemy, the troops might have been induced to persevere in any apparently sudden design of the General. The cupidity of the soldiers had been played upon. This latter fact is known to me of my own particular knowledge. Some weeks before the attack the soldiers, in their common conversations, spoke of the conquest of the city as a certainty, and exultingly of the plunder they should win by their bravery. It was not my business to contradict, but to urge them on. Perhaps by setting fire to the lower town, on the side of Cape Diamond, (considering the prevailing wind, which was at south-east, but afterwards changed to north and north-west,) such a design might have been effected. The shipping also ice-bound, numerous and valuable, moored around the point, would have been consumable. All this destruction would have been a victory of no mean kind; but adding eclat to the known gallantry and prowess of the General. The Almighty willed that we should never know the pith or marrow of his projects; whatever they were, my mind is assured that they were considerately and well designed. He was not a man to act incautiously and without motive, and too honest and brave to adopt a sinister part. No doubt we could have escaped by the way of St. Roque, protected by the smoke of the conflagration, and the terror and bustle which would consequently be created in the town. Though this path is too narrow for the operation of a large body of men, in an extended front, still we should have been too numerous (under the circumstances supposed,) for the enemy to afford a force, issuing from Palace gate, adequate to oppose us. In the next instance, if we should happen to be so very fortunate in such a retreat, as

to beat the foes, they must retreat into the city by the way of Palace gate, and we should have entered pell mell, and should thus have achieved the possession of that important place, the upper town, which was the primary view, and last hope of the general and the army. These were the crude notions of a youth, formed upon the spot, but in a maturation of thirty years are still retained.

The General did not want for information. Many persons, male and female, (unnecessary mouths,) were expelled the city, to wander for subsistence among their friends in the country. His own knowledge of Quebec, where he had served, would enable him by interrogation to extort from these emigrants a full stock of information of all the new defences erected by Governor Carlton since. Consequently, knowing the practicability of Cape Diamond as an entrance to the lower town, (but a most dangerous one,) and that of St. Roque, with which and its barriers, he was particularly acquainted, from his own and the observations of others; if so, he would most assuredly be informed of the defensive obstructions on the slope of the hill, and the employment of the troops that would in consequence attend: and he would also know that this place, to the garrison, would be a perfect Thermopylæ, impassable by ten times our number, if we had been veterans and were better furnished. From these reasons there was an inducement for my mind, at all times since the attack, to conclude that it was never General Montgomery's real design to conquer the upper town by an invasion from the lower town, but his hidden and true plan was, by a consolidation of our whole force, to burn the lower town and shipping, and to retreat by the way of Palace gate and St. Roque. If a sally was made at Palace gate, the event, as was ob-

served before, might be fatal to the enemy. The comprehensive mind of Montgomery would not only appreciate to the full extent the peculiar advantages of the enemy, but estimate to its true value the means he possessed, and the merits of his own army. Presuming the colonists to be successful in the lower town, where there was much wealth, and the avaricious among us be in some degree gratified, it would have created a spirit of hope and enterprize among the men, tending to induce them to remain with us. Afterwards, combining our whole force, with the reinforcements we had a prospect of receiving, an attack upon the upper town might have succeeded. In a word, the destruction of the lower town, in my apprehension, should be considered merely as preparatory to a general assailment of the upper town, notwithstanding all that has been said in the memoirs of those days. A contrary opinion went abroad that "the General if he had lived, by this assault would have conquered Quebec." No idea could be more fallacious. It was politically right to keep up that opinion among the people in those trying times, but its accomplishment with our occompaniment of men and defective arms, was ideal. Our walk from the great gate and palisade was considerable, ere we reached our detestable dwelling; as we had enjoyed a few hours of fleeting liberty, the "locking-up" became the more horrible to our feelings. The next day, however, we had the ineffable pleasure of marching in a body to the water side, and embarked on board five transports. On the following day a new joy was in store for me. General William Thompson, (of whom it might well be said, '*this is a man,*') who had commanded our regiment at Prospect hill, as its Colonel, had been taken prisoner at the Three Rivers, with several other officers, in the preceding month

of June. He was now aboard of our little fleet, destined to New York. Thompson came to our ship to visit the miserable remnant of a part of his gallant corps. The General had a special message to me from my father, with whom he was intimate. Coming through Lancaster in his way to his command in Canada, he was authorized by my father, if he saw me in that country, to furnish me with money. The good man proffered me four half-johannes; one only was accepted. What was nearer and dearer to my heart was the information that my parents, relatives and friends were well. That money was applied to the use of my messmates in the way of sea stores. Permission being obtained, Boyd and myself went ashore: our purchases consisted of a very large Cheshire cheese, coffee, tea and sugar, together with a large roll of tobacco for the men. Again penny-less, jollity and mirth did not forsake us.

We sailed on the tenth of August, convoyed by the Pearl frigate, Captain M'Kenzie. Passing the delightful island of Orleans, much in shore, we observed the farmers reaping their wheat, and as we run along we could see that the haum, in many instances, was green towards the foot of the stalk. From this circumstance it was concluded that frequently, particularly in cold or wet seasons, the grain must be kiln-dried, as is done in the north of England and in Scotland, before it is housed and threshed. The wheat, though sown between the fifteenth and twentieth of May, and probably sometimes earlier or later, is weighty, and produces a very fine white flour. The voyage down the river, except a few boisterous days, was pleasant. We had some noble views, interspersed here and there with something like villages, chapels and farm houses. Afterwards, we had in prospect a bleak and dreary coast and country, whose

craggedness inspired disagreeable sensations. The greatest curiosities were the seals, whose history and manners were then known to me, but whose living form excited attention as they were creeping up or basking on the rocks. The porpoises, perfectly white, in vast droves, played before and around us, and drew my attention and surprise, as none but the black southern porpoise had before come under my view. To become a naturalist it is necessary a man should travel; it was many years before books could persuade me of the existence of a green-haired monkey; but these were diminutive objects indeed in nature's scale of comparative imagery, when contrasted with the immense river *Cadaracqua*, or as it is now called St. Lawrence, second to no river in the world, unless it be the La Plata, of South America. Making this observation, you must understand me to include within it the lake Superior, and the waters that feed that lake. Off Gaspy Point, where we soon arrived, in a due north line across the island of Anticosta, the river is about ninety miles wide. Steering with favorable weather, the island of St John's came in view; passing it, and the Gut of Canceaux, experiencing some stormy weather upon the ocean, and a few difficulties, we happily arrived at New York on the 11th of September, 1776, and anchored three miles south of Governor's Island. Now it was, for the first time, that we heard of the dilemma in which our country stood.

The battle of Long Island, on the 27th of August, had been unsuccessfully fought by our troops, many of whom were prisoners. In such hurrying times intercourse between hostile armies in the way of negotiation upon any point, is effected with difficulty. We had waited patiently several weeks to be disembarked on our own friendly shore, yet tantalized ev-

ery day with reports that to-morrow we should be put on shore; some, and in a little while all, began to fear it was the intention of General Howe to detain us as prisoners in opposition to the good will of Sir Guy Carlton. This notion had so strongly impressed the minds of my friend Doctor Thomas Gibson, and a young man called John Blair, of Hendricks, that they determined to escape from the ship. They were both of them athletic and able bodied men, and most adroit. Gibson planned the manner of escape; its ingeniousness, hazard, boldness of execution, and eventual success, received the applause of all, but was disapproved upon the principle that it trenched upon their honor, and would impede our release.—The story is this: Gibson and Blair, in the evening, dressed in shirts and trowsers, were upon the main deck with their customary flapped hats upon their heads. Gibson gave me a squeeze of the hand in token of farewell: he was greeted kindly, for he was the brother of my soul. He and his companion went to the forecastle, where there were two large New Foundland dogs, each of which had his party, or rather, his partizans among the crew. These the adventurers hissed at each other; the dogs being engaged with their usual fury, attracted the attention of the sailors and many of the prisoners; they took this opportunity of stripping and letting themselves down at the bow into the water. Leaning over the sides of the ship in company of some friends in the secret, and unregardful of the dogs, we awaited the management of the flight. The last lighted cloud appeared low in the west. Something extraordinary passed along the side: a foolish fellow asked 'what is that?' 'A wave, you fool—a mere deception of sight,' was answered. It was the head of Gibson, covered by his large black hat. Within a few yards

of Gibson came Blair, but with a smaller hat; he was obvious. His white skin discovered him, but luckily the attention of the ignoramus was engaged another way. These daring men swam to the barge at the stern, entered it, and slipped the rope. They had rowed a thousand yards before the boat was missed. The other boats of our ship, and those near us, were despatched after the runaways; it was too late, the fugitives had too much of a start to be easily overtaken. They landed, (having rowed about five miles,) naked in our own country, somewhere in the vicinity of Bergen-neck, and bartered the boat for some ordinary clothing. They waited on General Washington, who disapproved of their conduct.

A short time after the foregoing occurrence, a most beautiful and luminous, but baleful sight occurred to us; that is, the city of New York on fire. One night, (Sept. 22,) the watch on deck gave a loud notice of this disaster. Running upon deck we could perceive a light, which, at the distance we were from it, (four miles,) was apparently of the size of the flame of a candle. This light to me appeared to be the burning of an old and noted tavern, called the 'Fighting Cocks,' (where, ere this I had lodged,) to the east of the battery, and near the wharf. The wind was southwardly, and blew a fresh gale; the flames at this place, because of the wind, increased rapidly. In a moment we saw another light at a great distance from the first, up the North River.—The latter light seemed to be an original, distinct and new formed fire, near a celebrated tavern in the Broadway called 'White Hall.' Our anxiety for the fate of so fine a city caused much solicitude, as we harbored a belief that the enemy had fired it. The flames were fanned by the briskness of the breeze, and drove the destructive effects of the elements on

all sides. When the fire reached the spire of a large steeple, south of the tavern, which was attached to a large church, the effect upon the eye was astonishingly grand. If we could have divested ourselves of the knowledge that it was the property of our fellow citizens which was consuming, the view might have been esteemed sublime, if not pleasing. The deck of our ship, for many hours, was lighted as at noon day. In the commencement of the conflagration, we observed many boats putting off from the fleet, rowing speedily towards the city; our boat was of the number. This circumstance repelled the idea that our enemies were the incendiaries, for indeed they professedly went in aid of the inhabitants. The boat returned about day light, and from the relation of the officer and the crew we clearly discerned that the burning of New York was the act of some mad cap Americans. The sailors told us, in their blunt manner, that they had seen one American hanging by the heels dead, having a bayonet wound through his breast. They named him by his christian and sirname, which they saw imprinted on his arm; they averred he was caught in the act of firing the houses. They told us also that they had seen one person who was taken in the act tossed into the fire, and that several who were stealing, and suspected as incendiaries, were bayonetted. Summary justice is at no time laudable, but in this instance it may have been correct. If the Greeks could have been resisted at Persepolis, every soul of them ought to have been massacred. The testimony we received from the sailors, my own view of the distinct beginning of the fire, in various spots, remote from each other, and the manner of its spreading, impressed my mind with the belief that the burning of the city was the doings of the most low and vile of persons, for the pur-

poses not only of thieving, but of devastation. This seemed to be the general sense, not only of the British, but that of the prisoners then aboard the transports. Laying directly south of the city, and in a range with Broadway, we had a fair and full view of the whole process. The persons in the ships nearer to the town than we were, uniformly held the same opinion. It was not until some years afterwards that a doubt was created; but for the honor of our country and its good name, an ascription was made of the firing of the city to accidental circumstances. It may be well that a nation, in the heat and turbulence of war, should endeavor to promote its interests by propagating reports of its own innocence and prowess, and accusing its enemy of flagrant enormity and dastardliness, (as was done in this particular case,) but when peace comes, let us, in God's name, do justice to them and to ourselves. Baseness and villany are the growth of all climes, and of all nations.—Without the most cogent testimony, as the fact occurred within my own view, the eloquence of Cicero could not convince me that the firing was accidental. Some time after the burning of the city we understood that we were to be embarked in shallops, and landed at Elizabethtown point.

The intelligence caused a sparkling in every eye. On the next day about noon we were in the boats. Adverse winds retarded us. It was ten or eleven at night, before we landed; the moon shone beautifully. Morgan stood in the bow of the boat; making a spring not easily surpassed, and falling on the earth as it were to grasp it, cried "Oh my country." We that were near him, pursued his example. Now a race commenced, which in quickness could scarcely be exceeded, and soon brought us to Elizabethtown. Here those of us who were drowsy spent an uneasy

night. Being unexpected guests, and the town full of troops, no quarters were provided for us. Joy rendered beds useless; we did not close our eyes till daylight. Singing, dancing, the Indian halloo, in short, every species of vociferousness was adopted by the men, and many of the most respectable sergeants, to express their extreme pleasure. A stranger coming among them would have pronounced them mad, or at least intoxicated; though since noon neither food nor liquor had passed our lips; thus the passions may at times have an influence on the human frame as inebriating as wine, or any other liquor. The morning brought us plenty, in the form of rations of beef and bread. Hunger allayed, my only desire was to proceed homewards. Money was wanting. How to obtain it in a place where all my friends and acquaintances were alike poor and destitute, gave me great anxiety and pain. Walking up the street very melancholy, unknowing what to do, I observed a waggon, built in the Lancaster county fashion, (which at that time was peculiar in Jersey,) unloading stores for the troops, come or coming. The owner seeing me, grasped my hand with fervor, and told me every one believed me to be dead. Telling him our story in a compendious manner, the good old man, without solicitation, presented me two silver dollars, to be repaid at Lancaster. They were gladly received. My heart became easy. The next day, in company with the late Colonel Fehiger, and the present General Nichols, and some other gentlemen, we procured a light return wagon, which gave us a cast as far as Princeton. Here we had the pleasure of conversing with Dr. Witherspoon, who was the first that informed us of the resolution of Congress to augment the army. It gave us pleasure, as we had devoted ourselves individually to the service of our country.—

The next day, if not incorrect, we proceeded on foot, no carriage of any kind being procurable. Night brought us up at a farm house, somewhere near Bristol. The owner was one of us, that is, a genuine whig. He requested us to tarry all night, which we declined. He presented us a supper that was gratefully received. Hearing our story, he was much affected. We then tried to prevail on him to take us to Philadelphia in his light wagon. It was objected that it stood loaded with hay on the barn floor; his sons were asleep or abroad. We removed these objections by unloading the hay, while this good citizen prepared the horses. Mounting, we arrived at the "Harp and Crown," about two o'clock in the morning. To us, it was most agreeable, that we passed through the streets of Philadelphia in the night time, as our clothing was not only thread-bare but shabby. Here we had friends and funds. A gentleman advanced me a sum sufficient to enable me to exchange my leggins and mocksins for a pair of stockings and shoes, and to bear my expenses home. A day and a half brought me to the arms of my beloved parents.

At Philadelphia, I waited upon a cousin of my mother, Mr. Owen Biddle, then a member of the "Council of Safety," who informed me that while in captivity he had procured me a Lieutenancy. My heart was otherwise engaged. Morgan, the hero, had promised and obtained for me, a Captaincy in the Virginia line. Following the fortunes of that bold and judicious commander, my name might have been emblazoned in the rolls of patriotic fame. But alas! in the course of eight weeks after my return from captivity, a slight cold, caught while skating on the ice of Susquehanna, or in pursuing the wild turkey among the Kittatinny hills, put an end to all my

visionary schemes of ambition. This cause renewed that abominable disorder, the scurvy, (which I had supposed was expelled from my system,) accompanied by every morbid symptom that had been so often observed at Quebec, attendant upon others. The medical men of all classes being engaged in the army, that species of assistance was unattainable in the degree requisite; lameness, as you now observe it, was the consequence. Would to God my extreme sufferings had then ended a life which since has been a tissue of labor, pain, and misery!

## SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF ARNOLD.

BENEDICT ARNOLD was born at Norwich, Conn. on the 3d of January, 1740. While yet a lad he was apprenticed to two gentlemen by the name of Lathrop, who were partners as druggists in a large establishment at Norwich, and alike distinguished for their probity, worth, and the wide extent of their business. Being allied by a distant relationship to the mother of the young apprentice, they felt a personal interest in his welfare.

It was soon made obvious to these gentlemen that they had neither an agreeable nor an easy task before them. To an innate love of mischief, young Arnold added an obduracy of conscience, a cruelty of disposition, an irritability of temper, and a reckless indifference to the good or ill opinion of others, that left but a slender foundation upon which to erect a system of correct principles or habits.

Weary of the monotonous duty of the shop, and smitten with the attractions of a military life, he enlisted as a King's soldier, without the knowledge of his friends, when he was sixteen years old, and went off with other recruits to Hartford. This caused such deep distress to his mother, that the Rev Dr. Lord, pastor of the church to which she belonged, and some other persons, took a lively interest in the matter, and succeeded in getting him released and brought back.

Not long afterwards he ran away, enlisted a second time, and was stationed at Ticonderoga and different places on the frontiers; but being employed in garrison duty, and subject to more restraint and discipline than were suited to his restless spirit and unyielding obstinacy, and seeing no prospect of an opportunity for gratifying his ambition and love of bold adventure, he deserted, returned to Norwich, and resumed his former employment. When a British officer passed through the town in pursuit of deserters, fearing a discovery, his friends secreted him in a cellar till night, and then sent him several miles into the country, where he remained concealed till the officer was gone.

After he had served out his apprenticeship, Arnold left Norwich and commenced business as a druggist in New Haven. At length he took up the profession of a navigator, shipped horses, cattle, and provisions to the West Indies, and commanded his own vessels. His speculations ended in bankruptcy, and under circumstances, which, in the opinion of the world, left a stain upon his honesty and good faith. He resumed his business, and applied himself to it with his accustomed vigor and resource, and with the same obliquity of moral purpose, hazard, and disregard of public sentiment, that had always marked his conduct.

He was early married at New Haven to a lady by the name of Mansfield. She died at New Haven about the time the war began.

There were in Connecticut two companies of militia called the Governor's Guards, and organized in conformity to an act of the legislature. One of these companies belonged to New Haven, and in March, 1775, Arnold was chosen to be its commander. This company consisted of fifty-eight men. When the news of the battle of Lexington reached New Ha-

ven, the bells were rung, and great excitement prevailed among the people. Moved by a common impulse, they assembled on the green in the centre of the town, where the Captain of the Guards took occasion to harangue the multitude, and after addressing himself to their patriotic feelings, and rousing their martial spirit by suitable appeals and representations, he proposed to head any number of volunteers that would join him, and march with them immediately to the scene of action. He ended his address by appointing a time and place for all such to meet, and form themselves into a company.

When the hour arrived, sixty volunteers appeared on the ground, belonging mostly to the Guards, with a few students from the College. No time was lost in preparing for their departure, and on the morning of the next day they were ready to march. Being provided with ammunition, and participating the ardor of their leader, the company hastened forward by a rapid march to Cambridge, the head quarters of the troops, who were collecting from various parts to resist any further aggressions from the British army in Boston.

On the 3d of May the Massachusetts Committee of Safety commissioned Benedict Arnold as a Colonel in the service of Massachusetts, and commander-in-chief of a body of troops not to exceed four hundred, with whom he was to proceed on an expedition to subdue and take Fort Ticonderoga.

The temperament of Colonel Arnold admitted no delay after matters had been thus arranged, and he made all haste to the theatre of operations. He arrived at Stockbridge, on the frontier of Massachusetts, within three days of the time of receiving his commission. He there found himself anticipated by the expedition set on foot under the command of Ethan

Allen. A compromise in the command was effected, by which Arnold acted in the capacity of a volunteer. The party advanced to Ticonderoga, took the fort by surprise on the morning of the 10th of May, and made the whole garrison prisoners. Ethan Allen, as the commander, entered the fort at the head of his men. Arnold, ever foremost in scenes of danger and feats of courage, assumed the privilege of passing through the gate at his left hand. Thus the love of glory, common to them both, was gratified; and the pride of Arnold was soothed, after the wound it had received by the disappointment of his ambitious hopes.

Four days after the capture of the fortress, about 50 men, who had been enlisted in compliance with the orders given by Arnold on the road, joined him with two Captains at Ticonderoga. These were properly under his command. They came by the way of Skenesborough, and brought forward the schooner taken at that place, which belonged to Major Skene. He manned this vessel, proceeded immediately down the Lake to St. John's, where he surprised the garrison, taking a sergeant and twelve men prisoners, and captured a King's sloop with seven men. After destroying five batteaux, seizing four others, and putting on board some of the valuable stores from the fort, he returned to Ticonderoga. Colonel Allen went upon the same expedition with one hundred and fifty men in batteaux from Crown Point, but, as the batteaux moved with less speed than the schooner, he met Arnold returning about fifteen miles from St. John's.

After some other minor transactions on the frontiers, Arnold made haste back to Cambridge, where he arrived early in July.

Arnold was now unemployed, but a project was

soon set on foot suited to his genius and capacity.—General Washington had taken command of the army at Cambridge. The Continental Congress had resolved that an incursion into Canada should be made by the troops under General Schuyler. To facilitate this object, a plan was devised about the middle of August, by the Commander-in-Chief and several members of Congress then on a visit to the army during an adjournment of that body, to send an expedition to Quebec through the eastern wilderness, by the way of the Kennebec river, which should eventually co-operate with the other party, or cause a diversion of the enemy, that would be favorable to its movements. Arnold was selected to be the conductor of this expedition, and he received from Washington a commission of Colonel in the Continental service. The enterprise was bold and perilous, encompassed with untried difficulties, and not less hazardous in its execution, than uncertain as to its results. These features, repelling as they were in themselves, appeared attractive in the eyes of a man whose aliment was glory, and whose spirit was sanguine, restless, and daring. About eleven hundred effective men were detached and put under his command, being ten companies of musketmen from New England, and three companies of riflemen from Virginia and Pennsylvania. The field officers, in addition to the chief, were Lieutenant-Colonel Christopher Greene, afterwards the hero of Red Bank, Lieutenant-Colonel Roger Enos, and Majors Bigelow and Meigs. At the head of the riflemen was Captain Daniel Morgan, renowned in the subsequent annals of the war.

These troops marched from Cambridge to Newburyport, where they embarked on board eleven trans-

ports, September 18th, and sailed the next day for the Kennebec river.

Mr. Henry's account of the expedition through the wilderness covers, in a degree, the history of Arnold, until his return. The subsequent events of his life, occupying too much space, even with abridgement, for this volume, the reader will find in "The Life and Treason of Benedict Arnold, by Jared Sparks" —Harper's edition, N. York.